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TALLENGETTA;

OR,

THE SQUATTER'S HOME.

A STORY OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WILLIAM HOWITT,
AUTHOR OF "RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND," "HOMES OF THE POETS," &c.

He was a man of about the middle height, very shabbily dressed in an old gray riding coat, a pair of riding breeches lined on the inner side with leather, tan-leather leggings, and stout ankle boots laced in front, an old plaid waistcoat of a very large pattern, in which red and green greatly predominated, and which did not boast more than about two buttons. He took from off his head a very weather-worn and battered green wide awake, and displayed a head of reddish yellow hair, and wild-looking whiskers of the same color, nearly surrounding his face. The face was also of a somewhat sandy look, and rather pitted with small-pox. To add to the singularity of his appearance, they could not avoid perceiving that his legs were very much bowed, as though he had ridden on horseback all his life, and they had thus acquired this shape by clinging to the rounded body of his steed. Besides all this, he moved with a decided limp of the leg. Can this be Mr. Randall, each of the youths thought. Yet in the face of this man, on whom nature appeared to have been so niggard of her favors, or rather on whom she seemed to have wreaked her capricious spite, there was an expression of good nature, and a gentleness amounting to quiet, which quickly made them forget much of what first struck them. He put out a very freckled and sunburned hand to welcome them with a cordial shake, and expressed in a low and very cultivated voice his pleasure at seeing them, but his sorrow for the occasion.

"I was quite in hopes," he said, "that my friend Abijah would have escaped the myrmidons. He is very active and quick in resources, but it seems they were too nimble for him. Well, poor lad, we must not desert him. I expect they will take me too if I go, but go I must, for we must never fail our friends in trouble."

All this he said with a quiet propriety and feeling which came strikingly from a person of his exterior. He then begged his guests to be seated at table, and bade Crouchy, for so he called his extraordinary servant, to place tea on the table at once, for he was himself consumed with thirst, and had no doubt the young gentlemen were still more so after their ride. He had noticed the excellence of their horses in the stable, and said that two of them had been his, and had been sold by him in Melbourne, Bluebeard and Charles's cob. When he heard in what time they had accomplished the journey, he smiled and said,

"Yes, that is having blood and breed in your cattle."

As they proceeded with their meal, he made himself master of the main facts of Abijah's case, and when he heard that the real onus of it rested upon his proving an alibi for the last month, he said,

"That I can soon do if they admit my evidence; but perhaps they will expect me to prove one for myself, for having been seen with Abijah in the diggings. The police were bent on seizing me as an accomplice. If I had time I could bring evidence from every inn and station between the Darling Downs and Melbourne, to prove where Abijah and I were every day; but there is no time, if the trial goes on at once. But," added he, "I have my memorandum book with all the items of purchase and expenditure of every place. I have bills of every inn receipted, the receipts for horses purchased, and certificates of pedigree and soundness from some of the greatest breeders of horses in New South Wales, for I purchased on this last journey two hundred. That surely will do. Yes! yes! that will do!" he exclaimed in increasing confidence as he went on. "Bravo! Mr. Popkins! we shall bring you both off!"

"Pray God!" said Jonas, most earnestly, and appearing to gather great comfort from the assurance. Crouchy, the strange, double-jointed servant, stood all the time listening with the utmost intentness, and hearing this, rubbed his hands together, and said, "Tuckeroo! tuckeroo!" an expression which whatever it meant expressed wonderful satisfaction. Our young travellers observed that Crouchy had placed a plate and knife and fork for a fourth person, and imagined in the easy life of the desert that he meant to seat himself at table with them; but at that moment another personage made his appearance. This was a young man of most gentlemanly and aristocratic aspect; he was remarkably handsome both in form and face. He was not tall, but approaching tallness. His features were of a peculiarly well defined and intellectual cast, delicate and yet manly. He was clad in a shooting dress of gray plaid of small pattern, coat, vest and trowsers of one pattern. A brown wide-awake turned up smartly at the sides, covered a head of glossy brown hair, which, when the hat was removed, displayed a grace in its bearing and contour which extremely struck Charles, who felt that whoever he was, he was a man of birth and family. What could he be doing here? What inducements could this hungry desert present to him? The young man made a courteous inclination to the strangers, unslung his double-barrelled gun from his back, and handed a bag of game to Crouchy, who appeared most assiduous in his attentions to him. As this fresh arrival took his place at table, two magnificent Highland staghounds, here denominated Kangaroo hounds, walked in and stood behind him.

"What noble dogs!" exclaimed Charles. The gentleman whom Randall addressed as Mr. Flavel, appeared pleased with the involuntary tribute of Charles's admiration, and turning, patted them on their heads, saying,

"Yes, noble fellows, they are. Crouchy, my boy, give them some water, will you at once, for they are, I am sure, dying for it." Then turning to Randall, he said, "We have had a long chase of an emu to-day, but it fairly beat us by cutting right through your flock of breeding ewes, so that the shepherd drove the dogs back, and we have been to the Wimmerd, and bagged some wild ducks."

"Mr. Flavel," said Randall, abruptly, "do you know that poor Abijah is taken, is in prison, and in danger of his life, as an accomplice of those bush-rangers? must be off with the young gentlemen in the morning, and leave you and Crouchy in charge."

"Is that true?" said Mr. Flavel, with evident sincerity of interest. "Well, I am very sorry indeed; but they can't prove anything of the kind. You know and can testify that."

"Aye," said Randall, "but who is to testify for me? For they snapped at me too, and may again. Instead of a witness I may come out an accused."

"No, no," replied Mr. Flavel, "I will take care of that; I will go and authenticate you."

"Will you though?" exclaimed Randall, delighted. "Bravo, then, I care for nothing. Your testimony is all sufficient."

"Well, then, you shall have it, it is settled."

The party now continued the conversation in the highest spirits. Numerous matters were introduced which greatly interested Charles. Randall and Mr. Flavel described the country around and the mode of life, for it appeared that Mr. Flavel was and had been for a considerable time a regular resident here. He showed that though this district was barren and desolate in the extreme, there were here and there in the external runs, plains of better pasturage, especially in the direction of Lakes Huron and Hindmarsh. In the woods there were cattle runs, which in winter afforded some pasturage and shelter, and in summer the cattle migrated towards the waters of the Wimmerd, north of Hindmarsh, and found a tolerable supply of green food. There was on the sandy wastes also a species of salt scrub, on which the sheep grew fat, where a stranger would imagine they must perish; and then as for sport, which all these dwellers in the deserts of Ballarock appeared to be equally enthusiasts in, there were emus on the plains, kangaroos in the distant forest pastures, and abundance of wild fowl on the lakes and on the reaches of the Wimmerd. They described the double valley of the Wimmerd, descending north-west from the Grampians, as a most attractive scene of fertility and beauty, thickly studded with stations, and swarming with stock.

A most friendly feeling had sprung up between the different individuals of the party before they retired for the night, not even excepting the extraordinary specimen of humanity, Crouchy, who entered with a perfectly enthusiastic passion into all the details of the life there.

Charles gave the most cordial invitation to both Flavel and Randall to visit Tallengetta, assuring them that they would find good sport there. At bed-time Charles and Jonas were shown into a small room, where they saw a copious travelling portmanteau, with "Augustus Flavel, Esq.," stamped in black letters on its tan leather top; and on a little shelf were piled a number of books; Charles took down with some surprise the Latin Orations of Cicero; the Dialogues of Plato; the Euminides of Eschylus, and the Antigone and Œdipus of Sophocles. In short, on that little shelf was lodged such a set of books as he would never have sought for in any bush home of the colony. Shakspeare well handled appeared to be the only English book allowed to associate with the great dramatists and philosopher of Greece.

"What," again Charles asked of himself, "can this Mr. Flavel be doing here?"

By the peep of day Charles and Jonas were up, and found breakfast on the table, Crouchy filling the tea-pot, and with a good stock of provision packed, to be tied on to the saddle of a led horse. Soon appeared Randall and Flavel equipped for the journey. Randall in the same old garb as yesterday. Mr. Flavel in a handsome oxonian, and a pair of beautifully cut light jackboots. They sat down to breakfast and sought to make good use of their time. In the midst of the repast, Charles looked across the table to Mr. Flavel, to whom he addressed an observation, which received no answer, and was struck with an extraordinary sensation at his appearance. His hands rested on the table on each side of his plate, his knife and fork having, it appeared, been quietly dropped on the plate. He sat looking as at the opposite wall, but there was no "speculation in those eyes." His face was calm and motionless as if in sleep, yet his eyes were open, but had a most singular expression. They appeared to be looking at no particular object, on the contrary, there seemed, as it were, a curtain drawn down over the iris, and the vision, if there were any, to be within.

Charles turned with astonishment towards Mr. Randall, who lifted his finger, signifying that he should take no notice, himself proceeding with his breakfast as if nothing particular had occurred, and went on speaking to Charles of the shortest route to Castlemaine. In about five minutes Mr. Flavel moved and drew a deep breath as if awaking from sleep, resumed his knife and fork and his breakfast, and said to Mr. Randall, as if in the most ordinary course of circumstances,

"Well, I can't go with you."

"No," said Randall, "why not?"

"Why, do you know my brother George is the counsel for the crown in this case. It would never do for me to appear."

"Oh, heavens, no!" said Randall. "How unfortunate."

"It is most unfortunate," resumed Mr. Flavel, while Charles and Jonas looked from one to the other perfectly confounded with the news, but far more with the wonder whence it came. Here at this distance, at this table at this moment, in this almost unpeopled and inaccessible desert, to be told this.

"My sister says," Mr. Flavel went on, "that not only is George the leading counsel in the case, but that he has made up his mind as to the guilt of every man taken; that he will lend every effort to condemn the prisoner you are interested in, and that he will bear extremely, severely, ferociously hard upon you. I am greatly concerned."

"But why on me?" exclaimed Randall, evidently considerably alarmed. "Way on me? He knows me not, he has no suspicion that you are here; how can it be? How comes he in Victoria at all?"

"He has been here this six months. Something disgusted him at Sydney, where he was carrying all before him, and he has been invited hither by his excellency, who knew him years ago in America, and who gives him all the weight of his influence."

Randall looked actually confounded. He grew pale; knit his brow as in vexation, and gave to his mouth an expression of great chagrin, and yet of dogged firmness. Charles and Jonas were utterly bewildered. To hear this clever, aristocratic young man, so intelligent and calm, so sober, talking of things impossible as it seemed as plain facts which they might have there and then learned from a morning-paper, if there had been such a thing. To hear Flavel talk of his sister as his informant—where was she? If here how had she communicated with him at the table in the midst of breakfast? At once it flashed on Charles "He is mad! That is it! How sad in such a fine young man of his education! And yet, in Randall that could be no feigned feeling, meant to take the patient's lunacy as sanity, it was no acting, it was real feeling and vexation and alarm. The mystery was past any solving."

But breakfast was now over. Up rose all and prepared to depart. Randall snatched up his whip, shook hands with Flavel most warmly, and asked for his prayers while away.

"I will not be longer than I can help," he added, "I will not impose any duties on you more than is necessary; but Crouchy will put out his wonderful energies and relieve you all he can."

Crouchy looked highly delighted at his praise, and said in energetic tone,

"Ay, ay, never fear about Crouchy."

Mr. Flavel took a most friendly leave of the two youths, sympathies of rank and education seemed to draw him strangely to Charles, and he promised to pay him an early visit. They mounted their horses, which Crouchy had ready at the door, and rode away at great speed.

They took a short cut through the granite wilderness, and had ridden some miles when they saw a horseman come at full gallop down a glade to the right. It was Flavel—his horse in a foam, showing the speed at which he had ridden. He drew up close to Randall, and said,

"I learnt after you were gone that all will go well, and wanted you to know it; it will make you at your ease. But one thing you must do. When George is driving you hard, and interrogating you mercilessly as to your own identity, as he will, ask him"—here the speaker dropped his rein, and whispered the rest into Randall's ear. "That will settle it," he said with a smile of triumph, and Randall with looks of astonishment replied,

"Good heavens!" he could not utter a word more. The two friends wrung each other's hand, and Flavel once more bidding adieu to the young gentlemen, turned his splendid brown mare and rode leisurely up the glade, followed by his magnificent pair of hounds.

On rode the travellers; fast and far they went—till they had passed the dreary Mallee scrub, they never drew bits. Here they dismounted, and made a hearty dinner of the viands Crouchy had so providently supplied. Scarcely allowing themselves or horses a necessary rest, but having given their horses each a good feed of corn, which they brought with them, they rode on again till sunset. They were near no station, so they hobbled out their horses, made up their evening fire and prepared to spend the night out, wrapped in their rugs. During the day Charles thought over and over the strange incidents of the morning, and often longed to question Randall even in this rapid ride. But Randall himself offered no explanation, and yet the circumstances were enough, as he must have felt them, to excite the deepest wonder in a stranger. Now, however, as they sat around their evening's fire, with the shadows of the forest around them, Charles asked Randall what it meant, and whether he was to suppose that Mr. Flavel was right in his mind?

"Your question," said Randall, "is perfectly natural, and I would have given you some explanation, but every moment is so precious that I avoided entering into engrossing conversation. But now I will explain to you what must have appeared so extraordinary. There is no secret regarding it between friends, for Mr. Flavel makes none. Mr. Flavel is a member of an ancient family which has large estates in Ireland. He is the heir to the ancient barony of Dunallen. In this family there is a peculiarity which ever and anon in the course of ages shows itself in a species of second-sight. In the Dunallens it is something more, for they not merely see the phantom pictures of coming events, they become frequently, and without warning aware of the spirits of the dead, and hold communication with them as with their living friends. It is a condition like that which has attached to various eminent men, as Swedenborg and Zschokke, who became frequently involuntarily conscious of the life, history and state of certain people in whose company they happened to be. In Mr. Flavel this occurs in a species of brief trance, during which he is utterly unconscious of what passes around him, but appears to be absent from the visible world and present to the invisible, and thus obtains the most certain intelligence of matters of pressing importance.

"Ages ago an ancestress of Mr. Flavel was preeminently endowed with this faculty; she foretold the most extraordinary things, and several times disclosed to persons present facts which so affected their reputations, that violent feuds arose in consequence; the family itself was extremely amazed, and she was shut up as incurably insane. She was known throughout the country as "the mazed Lady of Dunallen." She was said to be allowed the range of the upper rooms of the castle, but was never again seen abroad. The country people say that she still wanders, day and night, through the rooms, and especially in a large picture gallery, where she used to stop in her walks always before a particular picture, and appeared to converse with the portrait of a lady of a still more remote age. There is said to be a wonderful likeness between the portraits of these two ladies, and that likeness is said to have revived in the present Mr. Flavel. Certainly the *spiritual* likeness has so descended. The spirit of the seer has fallen on our friend. I must make a mere outline of his story. He lost a beloved sister some years since, and with that sister he holds frequent intercourse. By her he was warned to fly from his native country, and keep himself concealed for a certain time, or he would be secured as insane, and his younger and only brother, a man of an ambitious and bad character, would be empowered to hold and administer his estates for him. The old Lord Dunallen, a worthy but weak man, had been wrought upon by his second son to agree to this, which the son represented as necessary, to prevent both serious disgrace and disasters to the family. That term of years is now nearly over. Mr. Flavel's sister assures him that he is now safe, or you would not have heard the particulars from me. The old man, however, whose eyes have been opened by the daring presumption and arbitrary and dishonest acts of his second son, receives frequent assurances of his eldest son's safety and affection. The second son, George, disappointed in his schemes on the estate, and refused any further aid from his father, has qualified himself for and received a call to the bar, and is, it seems, practising here with brilliant success. So much for Mr. Flavel, whose acquaintance I made some years ago in Melbourne, and who asked me to secure him a retreat where, in profound seclusion, he could enjoy his books and the chase. Could he be more entirely hidden in any corner of the earth, yet with free range of river, waste, and wood than at Ballarock?"

"This is a wonderful story," said Charles; "and do you really find Mr. Flavel's spiritual revelations borne out by facts?"

"Of that," said Mr. Randall, "you will very soon be able to judge. You heard that he guarantees that all will go well at the trial; that I shall be hard run by the crown counsel, who is to be his brother, a matter wholly unknown to me, and on which I have never, until this morning, uttered a word; and finally, he has given me a message, which he says will at once confound and defeat this brother, the hostile counsel. We shall see."

"And this Crouchy, too," said Charles; "what an extraordinary creature; where did you meet with him?"

Randall smiled. "Mr. Fitzpatrick," he said, "you may well wonder. Truly my home must seem to you a refuge of oddities and incurables. I myself am no Cupid or Adonis. Mr. Flavel appears to ordinary eyes a visionary, if not something more, a madman; and Crouchy, there are those who suddenly encountering him in the forest have believed him—the devil. You say he is extraordinary; he is more extraordinary than he looks. Nature has given him an uncouth but a most amazingly powerful frame. His father was an English sailor, his mother an Abyssinian. He possesses incredible strength, and passions of equal violence. It was this strength enclosed in this form, like a giant crushed by a dwarf, which was his snare and bane. Being a mockery at home, and made vengeful by insult, an artful monster prevailed on him to escape with him to this hemisphere, promising him the post of shepherd or stockman in these woods. Crouchy is passionately, madly fond of riding; he jumped at the proposal, and in a few months found himself in Sydney, and then in Melbourne, exhibited as a prodigy of ugliness and gigantic power. The feats of that strength are said to have been incredible, and the lucky kidnapper was apparently on the road to fortune. Hopillipopo, the Dwarf-King of the Mountains of Chipango, whose strength exceeded that of fifty men, was a splendid property. But Crouchy had a soul peculiarly sensitive to wrong. He raged inwardly at the treachery practised upon him, and at the indignities he was daily made to endure. He became rebellious to his keeper's tyranny: this led to increased coercion, and to cruelties utterly monstrous. This could not last. It was only the terror of fresh insults if he ventured abroad amongst the rude population of the colony which retained him in submission. But outrage and contempt have their limits. Crouchy is vindictive in resentment, as he is faithful to devotion in gratitude for kindness. One evening when his master brought him his food, and bade him prepare for the night's exhibition, he seized him in his rage, bound him neck and knees together with a cord which he had secreted, locked the door upon him, and escaped in the darkness. It was on my way between Melbourne and Mount Cole, that as one day I sat by my fire in the solitary forest, woefully depressed by sorrow of my own, and even tempted to thoughts of self destruction, this startling figure suddenly appeared before me. I am not superstitious, but I felt my blood arrested in my veins; my heart ceased to beat; I surely believed that my impious despair had called up the Prince of Darkness. Poor Crouchy! he was dressed not in his present favorite style, but in a close fitting flame-colored garment, meant to display his massive build and muscular development; a short skirt of light blue encircled his hips, and his raven black and curly hair, to my surprised imagination, appeared like Medusa's snakes. But he soon made known his sad tale. He was famishing with hunger, not having dared to show himself to any one till he saw my fascinating features. But I freely confess that I never felt a compliment so flattering in my life—God knows I have never received many—as that of this being the first creature in whom this poor outcast felt that he could repose confidence. There was an end to my despair, too, when my thoughts were directed from my own ills to the shameful wrongs of another. I refreshed him; made him mount one of my horses, and Crouchy has now been for two years the inhabitant of Ballarock. If there be a whole soul in a dishonoring body, it is Crouchy's. He thinks Flavel little less than divine; every word of his is to him gospel, for he has seen the wonderful truth of his words. As for me, he serves me as the man who first trusted him as a fellow man. On my wide and straggling station, he is worth a score of common stockmen. He is here, there, everywhere; and there is an atmosphere of superstitious terror surrounding him, that is an army of protection in itself. You should see that short bulky figure mounted on Snobb, his favorite, tall horse, flying through storm or fog or twilight. It is something equally grotesque and startling. You should hear the fearful shriek which he sends through the woods when the wild dogs are at the flock at midnight. It is enough to make the stranger's heart stand still; the very dingos steal away silently at the sound to their lairs. But above all, you should see him in the excitement of the chase of the wild bull over the granite hills, and through the arid, iron bark forest. Then his Abyssinian blood is up indeed. Then he is all one glow and fury of delight, coming like a demon, pistol in hand, after the tremendous animal, and it is wonderful to see how, when the infuriated beast turns upon him in madness, he will ride up into his very face, and—there is a report, and the huge creature drops dead at his feet. In these scenes Crouchy is immensely happy, and even to me terrible. Many a time man and horse meeting him in his headlong rides, have wheeled round in sudden affright, and gone back at full gallop. Many a time when he has been following Mr. Flavel in the chase, often crawling on all fours amongst the scrub, or climbing some tree or rock to bring down his game, the solitary shepherd has scudded away in terror; and there are rumors now far and wide in the bush, for I come over and anon across them, that in the desert of Ballarock there actually haunts a terrible sorcerer and his imp. Who can help smiling who knows them? Who can wonder who has seen them? Would to God that the earth had plenty of such men, as true, as generous, and as good; but with the grace of Flavel rather than the grimness of Crouchy."

Such was the relation of Randall to the deeply interested young men at their evening fire. They then rolled themselves up in their rugs, and slept till the laughing jackass awoke them. The next evening they were at Castlemaine.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRIAL.

Our two young emissaries had made such expedition that they were in Castlemaine three days before the day of trial. Three anxious, long days they seemed to all those who were interested in the fate of the prisoners. The friends of Abijah Popkins had been as active as they were certain to be with such a man as Mr. Peter Martin at work in the matter. They had hunted up, arranged, and assembled such a host of evidence in behalf of Abijah prior to his departure with Randall as left no doubt on that part of the story. There were various deeds of atrocity done by the Douglas and Melville gang in various parts of the country, which, however, concerned Abijah not at all, for during all that time he was living rather too publicly, but still most innocently as concerned all but himself and wife, before the people of Bendigo. His position, too, as proprietor of a wealthy and successful store made the attempt to charge him with acts of violence and plunder appear ridiculous. But he had been away a month, the Bendigo public knew not where; he was considered wild and fond of his glass; they saw his wife left to the cares of a heavy concern, wearing an aspect of anxiety; and when Abijah returned, the first thing heard of him by many was that he appeared with a very suspicious-looking stranger, and was surprised by the police in the midst of the most desperate and sanguinary gang of bushrangers in the colony. These were heavy facts against him, and the government was disposed to use every possible severity, and to make a striking example of the parties taken. Mr. Martin secured able counsel for the prisoner, but the fame of the new man, who, as attorney-general of the colony, was coming against him, was high and appalling. All the prisoner's friends saw how much would depend on the evidence, and still more on the character of the man whom he had been professedly absent with. Mr. Martin, in spite of his professed confidence, as the day approached, could not shake from him a growing and depressing anxiety. The mother as well as the wife of Abijah was come. The first had been with the prisoner, and though perfectly convinced of his innocence of any charge against him, yet the scenes in the prison were said to have been of the most appalling and heart-rending character. The young wife, despite of her enfeebled frame, which had not recovered the shock of Abijah's apprehension, supervening on a long course of anxiety and tension of mind, had borne up admirably while with her husband, but every night on returning home fell into repeated faintings, and it required all the skill of the kind Dr. Rooke, and the cheering assurances of the indefatigable Mr. Martin to keep her up. The poor old mother, grave, religious, but deeply feeling, while she comforted her son, who was of a timid nature, and was sadly cast down, on retiring to her own lodgings walked to and fro with a face of woe that would have touched the hardest nature, and continually repeated to herself, "If I am bereaved of my children I am bereaved: if this thing befalls us what good will my life do me? Help us good Lord!" The old man was silent, stern, but evidently consumed by the heaviest inward misery. When Mr. Martin was introduced to Randall, in whom he expected to find a well-to do and well arrayed squatter, he could not conceal his astonishment and chagrin. Was this the man whose character and evidence were to save the accused? Was this the main pillar on which the strength of his defence rested? For a little time, with all his practised self-command, he could not avoid letting his disappointment appear most broadly. He was dumb. In a while, however, he recovered himself and said,

"You are Mr. Randall?"

"Yes."

"You are the squatter of Ballarock?"

"Certainly."

"You are aware, I hope, what an amount of responsibility rests on you in this case."

"I am quite aware," replied Randall calmly.

"That is well," said Mr. Martin, still pausing. "You can give positive proof that Abijah Popkins, the prisoner, was with you during the whole of the last month, and with you in an occupation wholly creditable?"

"Mr. Martin," said Randall, "let us be frank with each other. You are surprised at my appearance. Nature made me partly what I am; folly, sorrow and penance have made up the rest. I am under a vow to myself to live hardly, labor incessantly, to go meanly clad; to wear such a garb and manner that few shall court my society, and those only who can see a man through his rags, if necessary. I shun the world except so far as is necessary to business, and the acquisition of a sum which will set my heart and my honor at ease. Is that enough? Think not of me, but of what I can do." And with that he laid before Mr. Martin the proofs which he had for the trial. The opening observations of Randall arrested the fixed attention of Mr. Martin; as he proceeded he was struck with surprise and pleasure at the purity of his language, the high character of his motives and principles, and when he ceased to speak, Mr. Martin seized his hand, and shaking it warmly, said,

"Mr. Randall, you have made me feel that I have to do with a man of a thousand. You have revived my confidence. We must succeed; but I wish we could subpœna those squatters and innkeepers in your list—and one or two of them we can and will." And the two went out together to send off at once for these gentlemen.

The day of trial came. The sun rose brightly and warmly over that new town of Castlemaine. Over that wide new square, or market place; over the hard, bare rocks, and stringy-bark woods which looked down upon it. Thousands of people, men and women, diggers and squatters, were assembled to witness the trials of the bushrangers, and other interesting cases which had to be heard. The police were drawn up in strong detachments in front of the Court House. Mounted police were seen riding in troops to and fro near the Government Camp, as if in readiness for any emergency, and yet not so near as to alarm the sensitive nature of independent justice, and of freedom-loving Englishmen. Lawyers were seen hurrying towards the Court House with their blue bags, and the judge now advanced from his lodgings, attended by the Sheriff and his retinue.

How many hearts beat anxiously at that moment. We are now in the court, amid a crowding, crushing throng; it is with difficulty we gain the seat allotted to us. And there already, behold the judge on the bench, the sheriff and chief commissioners beside him. There is the table at which the counsel are busy unfolding their papers, and hastily glancing at their briefs; and there stands a prisoner in the dock, with a fearful looking turnkey at his side. It is one of the bushrangers. The attorney-general rises and opens the case against him. What a very different man from our Mr. Flavel; can they indeed be brothers? This man is tall, powerfully built; with a face fair, eagle-eyed, eagle nosed, clever, daring, with an audacity unrelieved by one visible touch of tender feeling. What a story he tells; what a catalogue he produces of atrocities and villanies. The blood of the listeners first chills, then warms with indignation against such monsters, and their blasphemous jests, and their demoniac cruelties. There is but one feeling in the court—it is the demand for speedy death to the whole crew. The first fellow on whom this thunderbolt of accusation falls is a great strong knave, with a hooked nose, a large, black beard, and dark eyes, that beneath black, shaggy eyebrows, flashed fury on the lawyer. His teeth grind in impotent rage as he listens, but no one appears to offer a word in his defence. He is condemned. There is another, and another; unknown, undefended villains, with the curse of Cain written palpably on their brows. They hear their doom, and are drawn away. There is now a pause,—a deep, awful pause; you hear your watches tick, your hearts beat; the deep-drawn breath of some anxious spectator near you. There is a slight shuffle of feet beyond the table of the counsel, and there stands in the dock a slim, pale youth, not more than two or three and twenty, clad in simple black, with a look fixed on the judge, as if he already expected the fatal word which should send him to the gallows. Near him in the court, but lower, and partly screened by the partition of the dock, you behold a huddled, trembling group—it is the family of the prisoner. There are several men's heads—they are all bowed down; but the countenances of others are fixed fully, firmly on the prisoner. These are women's faces, pale as death, but resolute in the love which conquers terror, so that it may sustain the tried one in his trial. Whoever saw those faces will never forget them while they live; the young one like a bloodless spirit watching the beloved one at the Day of Judgment. Knowing that there was danger, yet hoping against hope, and unshaken in the eternity of its love. The elder one so rigid, so dignified, and so profound in its affliction. By the side of the young wife sat the ever-watchful doctor.

That terrible attorney-general arose. He reminded the jury of the culprits already so justly doomed. He remarked on the different sort of person now before them; young in years, but, he feared, deep in crime. He drew a startling picture of the affliction and disgrace which he had brought on a highly respectable, and, as he heard, truly religious family. He asserted that he felt deeply for this unhappy family, but that duty to his country did not allow him to be moved by it. Young as the prisoner was, and well-connected as he was, he would show that he was a most dangerous character, fond of bad company, of drinking and gambling, leaving a good home, and an admirable wife, for wild adventures with the most desperate men. Such a man, gentle and timid as he might then look, was capable, when excited, of perpetrating the most fearful actions. He might, and probably would, if not early checked, become a captain of highwaymen, as ferocious and turbulent as Douglas or Melville. He believed there would be an attempt to prove an alibi on all occasions when the gang to which he belonged had done their worst deeds. To a certain extent that might succeed, but there was a considerable period during which he had disappeared from home, which would require the most powerful proofs to free him from suspicion, and on the last scene there could be no mystification possibly thrown. All there was clear, too clear, indeed. The prisoner was found actually at cards with the leaders of the gang in one of their most notorious haunts. He was actually hob nobbing with that fiend incarnate, called the Black Douglas, and that sanguinary villain the so-called Captain Melville. With them he burst full through the police, and by them two of the police were murdered on the spot, by which of the desperadoes it was impossible to say.

It would not be possible to tell the effect of

this address, taken with what had gone before, on all interested in the prisoner. He himself looked as if all was lost. No words, no pencil scarcely, can paint the agony of those two female faces, still riveted immovably on his form. The attorney-general called his witnesses. We shall not particularize them. Their evidence went to prove Abijah's wildness, his absence and his presence on the surprise of the bushrangers. The only thing in his favor was that not a man was produced to swear he had seen him shoot either of the policemen. But without that it was bad enough. The being mixed up with the possibility of it—with being one of those who undoubtedly did it.

The counsel for the defence now rose. He drew a very different picture of Abijah, as an amiable youth but fond of pleasure, weak in its resistance, but by no means criminal; and he undertook to prove an alibi for every day for the last twelve months, and to within ten minutes of the very moment when the police came down upon the grog shop.

He declared that he could produce a most respectable witness who had him in his service and with him in distant places, till within that ten minutes; men, he said, do not grow into bushrangers in ten minutes.

He could show that the unfortunate youth merely went to pay a bill, and was beguiled by the villains, totally unknown to him, to play; but that even then his friends had him in sight as it were, and were hastening to fetch him away.

A most profound attention possessed the whole court. The counsel called his witnesses, and certainly the exertions of Mr. Martin and Abijah's other friends had not been trivial. There were some dozens of persons who came forward, or were made to come forward, to bear testimony to his character as totally free from and totally wanting in motive for the commission of any such crimes.

They proved that he was at home on all those occasions when the gang had done deeds of violence in other places. And now came the turn of Randall, that most respectable witness, who was to cover by his evidence the rest of the time to the very moment of the attack. When, therefore, he stepped into the witness box, there was a sensation of astonishment through the whole court. People rose up and leaned forward to get a better view of this extraordinary witness. There was a buzz of exclamations and conversation through the whole place. The attorney general stared at the shabby looking man in his old thread-bare riding coat, his plain, pitted face, half lost in a bush of yellowish hair, and the limping gait with which he reached his place. The attorney general smiled, a smile which said distinctly, "So this is your most respectable evidence!"

The witness, however, stood cool and quiet. The counsel, by his questions, led him to show where he and Abijah had been during the month, that Abijah had only come to take leave of his wife before going away with him to his station on a long visit, and that seeing him enter the grog-shop to pay a bill, he felt the danger of the place, and hurried out his horses to fetch him away. He was too late. The police were down on the place, and his friend had fled out in alarm. But he would swear positively that Abijah could not have shot one of the men, for he had no pistol in his possession.

The attorney general now cross-questioned him. He said that he did not disguise that he thought the witness was in the wrong place; that it was not the witness-box, but the dock, in which he ought to appear. He should demand *a strict account of him, as well as of the prisoner* at the bar. He would, however, take the case of the prisoner first, and he demanded more proof that he and the prisoner were at the places on the business alleged. Randall at once produced his memorandum-book, showing the bills paid and the business done at the different places.—The attorney general declared that this book might be a forgery, got up for the purpose.—Where were the people whose names appeared to different bills? Randall replied, that if time were given to him he would produce every one, but that as the time was so short, he believed that two or three were in court. The counsel at once brought forward three most highly respectable squatters, who proved as many items, and gave the highest character of the witness.—They knew him to be a substantial and most honorable squatter. This turned affairs amazingly. But the attorney general would still have proof that the prisoner at the bar was on all these occasions there. Randall pointed out his signature to various memorandums in the book, for he had frequently kept the accounts.

"How are we to know that these are the prisoner's signatures?" demanded the lawyer.

The judge here said,

"Hand the prisoner a pen and paper; let him sign his name."

It was done, and the name and Randall's book handed up to the bench. The judge pronounced the signatures perfectly identical, perfectly satisfactory. There was a buzz of approbation throughout the court; all now began to pronounce the prisoner innocent in their own minds. The thread-bare, shabby, limping man had thoroughly proved his case. There was a manifest triumph in the court on behalf of the prisoner.

But the attorney general, who had calculated on condemning the whole batch, felt like a lion defrauded of his prey. He was mortified beyond expression, that he should be thus foiled by a man who had, by his very shabby appearance, raised his expectations of success to certainty, and who he hoped would afford him good matter for the display of his wit. He therefore now turned upon him savagely. He declared that it was necessary to know something more of the witness himself. They must have some good proofs that he was worthy of credit.

"That has been satisfactorily attested," said the judge.

"But, your honor, permit me," said the attorney general. "Randall! Randall! were you not some years ago connected with the turf in England?"

"Yes."

"Ha! I thought so! And you disappeared, leaving a good many engagements undischarged?"

"That is quite true," replied Randall.

"Oh! So you admit that? We shall now see what your evidence is worth."

A gloomy, disappointed silence fell on the people. The judge, however, said,

"Witness, you may bear in mind that you are a witness, not a prisoner at the bar."

"Thank your honor," said Randall, with emotion, "but pray allow the counsel to go on as he pleases."

"Very well, then," continued the attorney general, bitterly, "why did you abscond?"

"That I might find means to discharge my just obligations."

"Have you done that?"

"I have in great part. These obligations were £10,000: I have paid £7,000. Here are the accounts and the vouchers."

These were handed up to the bench. The judge carefully looked them over, and returned them, saying, emphatically, "Most honorable; most praiseworthy."

"But," continued the irascible lawyer, "why hide yourself in a desert? Why not work openly where your fellow men can see you? Why all this mystery and seclusion? I would know that this was all honest? Money is made in strange ways here often."

"A celebrated poet, one Churchill, can answer that for me," said Randall,

> "'Wouldst thou be safe? society forswear—
> Fly to the desert, and seek shelter there;
> Herd with the brutes, they follow nature's plan,
> There's not a brute so dangerous as man.'"

"So," said the lawyer, "you read poetry, eh? Quite pastoral, really! Perhaps you would give us some further account of yourself in rhyme?"

"No dearth of it; from the same clever hand," continued Randall, smiling,

> "'Let it be bruited all about the town,
> That he is coarse, indelicate and brown.
> An antidote to lust, his face all scarred
> With the small-pox, his body maimed and marred.
> Shouldst thou report him as by nature made,
> He is undone, and by thy praise betrayed.'"

There was a burst of applause and laughter in the court. The judge, though smiling himself, commanded order. All were struck with the philosophic spirit of the man, who could thus seriously describe his own personal defects.

"And now, sir," continued Randall, taking the offensive, "as you seem to like my quotations, I will give you one more portrait.

> "'Bred to the law, he from the first,
> Of all that lawyers, was the worst.
> Who will, for him may boast of sense,
> His better guard is impudence.
> His front with ten fold plates of brass
> Secured, shame never yet could pass!
> Nor on the surface of his skin,
> Blush for the guilt which dwells therein.'"

At this the burst of laughter was renewed with universal uproar. The judge declared he would clear the court. The attorney general, purple with rage, cried,

"Sirrah, peace! This is intolerable. You insult the whole bar, the whole profession. I command you to be silent, and answer my questions."

"Sir," said Randall, "I have answered you many questions that have nothing whatever to do with the cause at issue; and now your position shall not protect you. I throw myself on the justice of the court, in the impartial spirit of my country's laws. I insist that you answer me one question. You have dared to probe my life, and endeavored to blast my reputation before the world. Answer me this—What did your father say, when at your vehemently entreated solicitation, he granted you a last secret interview beneath the Banshee Oak, in Dunallen Park?"

The haughty lawyer stood arrested at that question, as by a supernatural blow which turned him to a statue. He appeared petrified with astonishment.

"My father! the Banshee Oak?" he stammered.

"Yes, your father—the Banshee Oak," said Randall, outwardly calm, yet plainly and justly incensed. "Your father, the venerable Lord Dunallen, do you not see him," said the homely looking squatter, rising, as if inspired, and pointing to a particular part of the court, all eyes, including those of the terror-stricken lawyer, mechanically following his finger. "Do you not see him leaning on his cane, shaken by grief as by a palsy, and his bare white head gleaming in the moonlight, as he says solemnly, you have banished your brother; you have killed your mother, by a broken heart; you have disgraced your family; you have deceived and left utterly desolate your father, who now stands here alone before God in his old age. May you repent, repent, for rather would I see you lying dead on that sod than that the people of the Dunallen estates should ever fall into your power, in your present unchristian, unregenerate temper."

There was a sensation throughout the court, as if a thunderbolt had fallen on it. A death-like silence prevailed, and the proud counsel, who so lately had driven all before him by his talent and audacity, suddenly dropped on his seat with his head on the table, and was even sliding to the floor when some of his friends caught him and led him away from the court.

The sensation throughout the crowd was inconceivable. No words could describe it. People, lawyers, every one sprang to their feet; all sense of order was lost. There was one loud buzz of voices expressing amazement at this most singular occurrence, and numbers hastening out to learn further intelligence of the stricken man. At length the officers of the court restored some degree of attention. The judge, wonderfully affected, rose and summed up, compelled several times to pause for composure; and when he dismissed the jury to consider their verdict, they almost instantly, by the foreman, pronounced, clear and loud, the words "Not Guilty."

Scarcely were these important words uttered, when a shrill shriek rang through the place, and the relatives of the prisoner were seen supporting the sinking form of the young wife. In another moment the prisoner was at large, kneeling in deepest agitation by her side, and clasped in the arms of his mother. We drop the curtain over that family group. All is right. The doctor forcibly seizes the fainting young woman and carries her to the open air, where she is driven home in a carriage which stood at hand. Mr. Peter Martin, all life, and radiant with joy, is manfully fighting his way through the crowd in the body of the court, where the people are squeezing round Randall, and shaking his hand as if they would leave him no fragments of an arm. His old gray coat is in terrible danger of not surviving many hours. He is the hero of the day. (CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

☞ It requires 2 200 full-grown trees, or the matured crop of forty-four acres of woodland, to furnish timber for a seventy-four gun ship.

☞ A Mrs. Bentley, of Indiana, has been performing great feats of pedestrianism. About a week ago, she walked thirty consecutive hours, at Lafayette, in that State, finishing up by marching quickstep to the tune of Yankee Doodle, during the last five minutes, and leading off the first set of a cotillion party for a wind up.

☞ We know a respected gentleman in Monroe county, who, many years ago, sawed a cord of wood to pay, in advance, his first year's subscription for a newspaper. He is now, in his ripe and vigorous old age, worth a quarter of a million of dollars.

☞ One falls from a fourth-story window and escapes unhurt. Another, steps from the sidewalk into the street, and breaks a limb. Bruce, the celebrated traveller, whose legs carried him safely round half the world, was tripped on his own stairs while escorting a visitor, and died in consequence of his fall in 1794.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the names will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that arrangements have been made with the following distinguished writers for contributions during the present year (1857):—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (of ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

After the completion of Mr. Howitt's Novelet,

Tallengetta; or, the Squatter's Home,

the following Novelets will be given, though probably not in the exact order here mentioned:—

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

By ALICE CARY. An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post.

THE WITHERED HEART.

An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post, by T. S. ARTHUR.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE QUAKER'S PROTEGE,

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

THE SPANISH COIN.

Since Congress has manifested a disposition to make the Spanish coins "walk Spanish"—although the report of the passage of a law on the subject was somewhat premature—considerable excitement has prevailed among small commercial circles. Especially on 'Change the matter has been largely discussed—sometimes not in the most amicable manner. The hucksters rejoice largely at the prospect of the new movement—which they interpret to mean that they shall take the old coins at the depreciated value, and pass them off again, through the force of stubborn assurance, at the old rates. Many poor fellows, who used to grumble at losing the half-cents in their exchanges—now begin to lose at the rate of two and a-half cents on their "levies," and five on their quarters. So they are out of the frying-pan into the fire.

The fact is, that it is all nonsense for Congress to order its agents to refuse these coins except at a grossly unfair value, with the expectation of driving them out of circulation by so doing. If Congress wishes to get these coins into the hands of the Government, let it order them to be taken at the present prices, but not to be re-issued.—The mere say so either of Congress or the newspapers, will not lead holders of Spanish coins to pass them much below their real value. The New York Times says that a deposit was made, a few days since, at the Assay Office, of $900 in the old Spanish coin, small change, assorted, and part of it much worn, which has yielded $821 in the United States new silver change—the loss being only about 8¾ per cent. On inquiring of the Messrs. Beebe, bullion brokers, the same paper finds that 24 cents will be paid for quarters for the Havana market. At the Assay Office, sums over $100 in Spanish quarters, can be deposited to net full 23 cents. The N. Y. Post also says: "Holders of Spanish quarters need not submit to the large discount of 20 per cent., if created by the new act of Congress, for the bullion brokers will give from 23 to 25 cents for them, which they are worth commercially, according to weight of silver."

For our own part, while we should be glad to see the "fips" and "levies" banished, we have no especial ill feeling against the Spanish quarter, except that which grows out of its resemblance to a smaller coin which is occasionally palmed off upon the unsuspecting in its stead. But we do not think that people generally will be willing to give away their "levies" as ten cents, and their "quarters" as twenty cents, however willing they may be to take them at these reduced rates. We think we foresee for timid, quiet, submissive people, if the Act of Congress alluded to becomes a law, a period of great perplexity, suffering and oppression—in which they will be made to give the Spanish coins at their new value, and to take them at their old, in a most marvellously inconsistent and provoking manner. "Cabby," the hucksters, and venders of small try generally, will express themselves astonished out of all countenance if asked either to receive a quarter as twenty-five cents, or to give one in change as twenty. They will fairly emulate the Western banks in thus deriving usurious interest from their exchange business. The warm arguments and loss of temper consequent upon such unjust exactions, it is frightful to contemplate.

Well—being possessed of a somewhat philosophical temper—especially in trifles—we expect to be able to endure our share of these tribulations, if they should happen to come upon us. But as others probably will not suffer in the same spirit of patience, we fear that the Spanish coins will still continue to figure as largely, and be as greatly respected as ever, in all small commercial transactions. The Government, if it shall refuse to take them, except at a depreciation, will not be able to get hold of them at all—and thus will be unable to exert any influence in driving them from circulation. They will, we fear, continue actively engaged in business pursuits, encouraging keenness of calculation by the quarter cent and half cent profits which their use ensures to subtle dealers in cigars, pea-nuts and candy. Laughing at the enactments of Congress, and the decisions of wooden-headed Boards of Trades, they will probably go down to future generations as active and pertinacious as ever—regular Filibusters of the Rob Roy school, pilfering daily their half-pences from the rich and well-to-do with the one hand, and giving them to the poor and needy and unscrupulous with the other.

PAUPERISM.

A contemporary says that the State of New York now has 42,000 paupers more to support than Ireland has—that there are two paupers in New York to one in Ireland—that in 1855, there was one pauper to every seventeen inhabitants in that State, while in 1831, there was only one pauper to every one hundred and twenty-three persons—that while in Ireland the poor tax has diminished ten per cent., in New York it has increased twenty per cent.—and that what is true of New York, probably is almost equally true of Pennsylvania.

Of the character of much of this pauperism, the two following authentic anecdotes are given:—

We give the substance of a gentleman's experience the other day, in an effort to do good. He wished a lad as a waiter, and took the pains to seek out a family who he knew were wretchedly poor; rich in nothing but children, and who did not send them all out together to beg, merely because rags enough could not be found in the house to protect all their backs at one time, but they were sent in relays, to beg "a penny to buy wood." By tracing them home, the seeker was guided to such a scene of wretchedness as he did not suppose existed anywhere. Though such surroundings could not be imagined a very good preparation, the charitable man was willing to undertake the risk of receiving one of the children under his roof. He only feared lest all should clamor to go. But not one could be persuaded to give up begging for a sure and comfortable home. The parents, indeed, refused the liberty taken in the application; as if, among the privileges of the poor in this free country, they have a right to take offence at a proposition for relief which involves a return on their part.

Again:—In a warehouse in this city, a country manufacturer was inquiring of the owner where an able bodied laborer could be found willing to go into the country. The conversation was interrupted by a stalwart fellow, who entered with the usual plea, no money, no food, a large family, and no work to do. "Come, my man," said the manufacturer, "I will give you five dollars a week, and your board, your pay to commence today, and your travelling expenses to be paid, and you can leave an order here that your wages be given weekly to your wife." The beggar was out of the store before the proposition was fairly stated.

A remedy for this state of things ought to be, may we not say, *must* be found. The industrious and provident should not allow themselves to be thus preyed upon by these lazy and improvident thousands. That remedy must be a legal and public one—for the force of law is required to set to work these idle hands, and stop these whining mouths. No one has more pity and respect than we have, for honest and industrious poverty—but pity and sympathy are wasted upon the large and increasing class of vicious drones that we are speaking of. "The bird that can sing, and will not sing, must be made to sing." The remedy is in setting every man, woman and child to work, who is able to work, and is found in the streets begging. We believe it to be a perfectly practicable remedy. It is not a harsh, but a truly beneficent and kindly mode of dealing with this pauper question. With a reasonable outlay, under the management of proper officers, the spread of pauperism could be speedily checked, and the hordes of sturdy beggars be no longer a weight upon the community.

BOSTON HARBOR.

The Bostonians, after complacently wondering at us Philadelphians for our inertness in not opening the Delaware river, have been frozen up themselves. But what an insignificant freeze! The "*Traveller*"—not much of a *traveller*, in our opinion—says:—

We advise all readers of "Kane Explorations" in the Arctic Seas, to take a walk down the harbor, and we assure them they will get some faint idea of the scenery and incidents therein described. After a stroll of a mile or two in different directions on the ice, we can no longer say with truth, that "the ship channel is open." The ice, where it has not been disturbed, is about a foot thick, with a thick coating of snow at the top. The new ice—or that which has formed since the moving up and down of the tug boats—is about five inches thick. We doubt if any steamer afloat could force a passage through it. Certain it is, that no boat now here is sufficiently powerful for the task.

"Kane's Explorations," "Arctic Seas," and ice only "five inches" to "a foot" thick—what a jumble of inconsistent ideas! You might think the "Traveller" had been born under the equator, and travelled only while the dog star raged. Why, our Philadelphia ice boat would go through ice of that thickness, and laugh at it all the way, in ringing guffaws that could be heard a mile. The ice that worries us, is from six to twelve feet in thickness; and even that cannot withstand the heavy shocks of our ponderous ice-breaker. If we had only such a trifling scum as chains up Boston harbor, we should cut it up into half-a-dozen pieces, and tow it out to sea bodily. The Boston City Fathers had better appoint a Committee to come on to Philadelphia, and learn how to make sport of the Ice King.

THE MORMONS.—A "Gentile" correspondent of the *San Francisco Herald*, denies the truth of the statements recently published, respecting the number of wives, and other infirmities, of the heads of the Mormon Church. It appears from his story, not only that personal defects were greatly exaggerated, but that individuals were represented to be "cripples and near-sighted," entirely without foundation. He admits that Heber Kimball is "slightly cross-eyed," and that Wells has "a slight defect of vision;" but we cannot wonder at such defects in husbands who have so many wives to look after, and who seem to require so much looking after, especially when the "Gentiles" are about—for which one cannot particularly blame them.

CONSISTENT RUSSIA.—Russia has instructed her envoys that Switzerland is clearly wrong in the Neufchatel affair, and opposes the laying of any restraint upon the freedom of action of the King of Prussia. A new ukase in relation to Poland also has been published, in which the young father of his people, Alexander II., mercifully allows the Poles henceforth to cancel their fines or sentences of imprisonment, by submitting to a good flogging. The number of "blows with a stick" is duly prescribed, to fit various cases, averaging from three to forty blows. A "stick" is the great emblem of authority in Russia—the panacea for all evils.

OUR LETTERS.

Our thanks are due this week for an *increase over our old list* of 20 at Waitsfield, and 22 at Wolcott, VERMONT—22 at Mecklenburg, 19 at Inverness, 13 at Townsendville, and 16 at Maine, NEW YORK—19 at Westville, CONNECTICUT—19 at Millsboro, and 20 at Milford, DELAWARE—16 at Shoenersville, and 17 at Canton, PENNSYLVANIA—20 at Summerville, GEORGIA—20 at Jeffersonton, VIRGINIA—17 at Waupun, 11 at Waterford, 36 at Hudson, WISCONSIN—15 at Palestine, 16 at Barry, 22 at Cuba, 17 at La Salle, 17 at Homer, 21 at Mechanicsburg, 11 at Jones Creek, and 20 at Colchester, ILLINOIS—25 at St. Josepha, MISSOURI—12 at Osprey, 18 at Linton, 16 at Cedar Rapids, 15 at Vinton, 15 at Centreville, 12 at Webster City, and 18 at Nevada, IOWA—13 at Springport, MICHIGAN—and 18 at Springboro, 12 at Worthington, 17 at Forest, 12 at Portsmouth, 13 at Marietta, 16 at Camden, 13 at Copopa, 18 at Solon, 19 at Jamestown, and 18 at Midway Cross Roads, OHIO.

Also for entirely new clubs of 26 at Hartford City, VIRGINIA—21 at Middlefield, NEW YORK—21 at Harrisville, 21 at Union Deposit, and 21 at Slippery Rock, PENNSYLVANIA—21 at Tunbridge, 14 at Raritan, 21 at Young America, and 47 at Adeline, ILLINOIS—21 at Green Bay, 21 at Yankee Settlement, 21 at Mount Calvary, and 22 at Union Grove, IOWA—22 at Hainesville, and 21 at Sheffield, MISSOURI—21 at Rock Bluff, NEBRASKA—22 at Lucas, OHIO—22 at Morenci, 14 at Boston, 21 at Clinton, and 23 at Dayton, MICHIGAN. Our thanks are also due for a smaller increase, and smaller clubs, at many other places.

Among our letters we find a number containing very friendly words. G. O. P. of Griggsville, Pike County, Ill. says:—"I have taken the Post so long, I cannot well do without its familiar face on the table. The new form of the sheet is a decided improvement."

Mrs. H. L. R., of Haynesville, Alabama, says:—"Your paper is the best in the Union, and I have seen not a few I can assure you. It combines everything that the most fastidious could wish." After some other remarks upon a matter which we hope is now at rest for a while, which remarks are conceived in an independent but very friendly spirit, Mrs. R. says:—

"I commenced taking the 'Post' some six years since—before I was married. Not long after my marriage, my husband used to notice my anxiety to get the 'Post' and would remark that he did not see what I liked so much about that paper, that all literary newspapers were alike—'mere trash;' but *now* when he brings home the newspapers from the office, he throws me the other papers, and invariably retains the 'Post' for himself."

Mr. R. doubtless found out after a few readings, that the Post does not belong to the trashy, flashy, splashy order of literary papers, with their blood and thunder stories, and general wishy-washyness.

Mr. H. S. of Terre Haute, Ind., says:—"Your agricultural department is worth more than the cost of the paper. The stories are fine. Your report of Congressional proceedings interesting. And last but not least, the Post is no experiment."

Mr. J. R. C. of Cool Spring, Georgia, says:—

"I think I have been subscribing for your paper for about 12 years. I have found it to be all that it is represented. Although there are some paragraphs occasionally in it not exactly suited to my taste, and which I might condemn, yet there is much more to approve; and being liberal in my views, I must concede to others what is an inestimable right to myself, 'freedom of opinion.' And if the other Northern Presses were as mild as your own, many, very many bitter epithets might have been spared, and rankling passions never known to rise."

In reference to those "occasional paragraphs" alluded to by Mr. C., we may be allowed to hope that no further cause for such will occur. We are glad to see that he bears witness to our constant endeavors even while expressing our own opinions frankly, not wantonly to injure the feelings of any class of our readers. Interest alone would prompt a sensible editor to such a course, even if no more worthy motive impelled him to it, for to lose his subscribers is what no publisher desires—such losses in one direction, contrary to the general opinion, seldom being made up to him in another.

Dr. E. T. W., of Adeline, Ogle County, Illinois, sends us a list of 45 subscribers—Adeline containing only 33 dwellings! He says:—"When I came here there were no numbers of your valuable paper taken, but I raised the subscribers in little over a day's time." Success to Adeline! say we. It may have only 33 dwellings now, but we warrant that by another year that number will be greatly increased. Farmers of the East, who are thinking of moving "Westward Ho!" give a look as you go along at the land in the vicinity of Adeline.

Here is a letter from Nebraska, which territory has been quite pushed out of the public notice by its more pugnacious neighbor Kansas. Mr. A. S. F. writes as follows of the town of

OMAHA.

Although we are in a distant land, yet we do not forget your valuable paper. We are eight hundred miles above St. Louis, Missouri, in Nebraska Territory, in that far off city, Omaha. Our city is named after a tribe of Indians which inhabited this land, called Omahas, pronounced O ma-haws—the Government has bought out this tract of land from them, and settled them at a place called Blackbird Hills, about sixty miles distant, just below the great serpentine bend in the Missouri River.

We have a delightful country here for farming and raising stock. The soil is rich beyond description, and well watered: interspersed with groves of good timber and beautiful prairies. About three miles distant from the city of Omaha are two rivers, one called the Horn (Elk horn), and the other the Platte—both running and winding their way through one valley. You may stand on the bluffs before you reach the valley, and look across these rivers to the next bluffs, a distance of eight miles, and there you will see a village. That is Pawnee Village, the Pawnee Indians live there. They are a peaceable tribe, and live by hunting and fishing. A little further on, the Plains are to be seen. There are vast herds of buffalo; they traverse these Plains in herds of thousands, and when the winters are severe they travel southward, and winter on the Platte and Horn Rivers. There are now great numbers of them on these rivers, within eighty or ninety miles of our city. There are also other game here, very plentiful, such as elk, deer, bear, wolves, partridges, geese, prairie chickens, &c.

Our city (Omaha) is built on a prairie, about half a-mile from the Missouri River. About twenty months ago there was but one house here, and this was a small log house, called a "claim house," occupied by an Indian trader. But soon there came a small company, and laid out a town here. The settlers came pouring in, and now we have a population of about 2,500 inhabitants in the city, besides about 2,000 settlers on lands in the country, who have turned their attention to farming. There are many traders here in the city. There are about thirty stores, six hotels, four churches, two banks, one broker and dealer in uncurrent money, bills of exchange, &c. Our city is also chosen as the capital of Nebraska; accordingly we have partly finished a building for the Capitol, which will cost, when finished, $250,000. There is also a railroad intending to cross here—it is an extension of the Pioneer route, called the Mississippi and Missouri Road. The books are open, and about three-fourths of the stock already taken. Our city bids fair to be one of the finest cities on the Missouri River, it also being the place for the crossing to California. Many thousands crossed here last summer. We have a good steam ferry-boat here, which was built expressly for this place, at a cost of $14,000; but in consequence of the great emigration, and rapid growth of our city, we are getting another one built this winter, as one cannot do all the business.

We only know one thing against Omaha—that is, that it takes only some half-dozen copies of the Post, while it ought to take several hundreds. It does not speak very well for the intelligence of its inhabitants—though perhaps the delay of the mails has prevented a large list of subscribers from reaching us. We shall see.

We have other letters from subscribers on hand—but the above will do as an expression of the warm feeling entertained by its readers for the Post. We trust that another year will draw still tighter the cords of good feeling between our paper and its readers—with no disturbing causes to impair even in the least the fraternal bond.

THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

We have news from Europe to Jan. 17th. The Swiss affair seems settled. Both branches of the Swiss Federal Assembly have agreed to liberate the Royalist prisoners at Neufchatel, who are to be conducted to the French frontier by Swiss troops. No formal engagements are made by Prussia, but it is understood that the King renounced all claim to the sovereignty and revenue of Neufchatel. The two castles of Neufchatel and Lochele, however, remain the King's private property, and their revenues are to be disbursed in local charities.

In Great Britain meetings are being held denouncing the tax on incomes. It bears unequally on the people—the Landed Interest having the benefit of certain shrewd provisos. Direct taxation never is borne, however, as cheerfully as the direct. Every one thinks that the "little joker" is under some other man's thimble.

Leopold Redpath, the great Northern Railway forger, has been sentenced to transportation for life. We believe that the theory of "moral insanity" was not broached in this case. It would have been useless. The heavy common sense of John Bull would be utterly unable to appreciate such an aerial flight of legal transcendentalism.

The principal French item of interest is the arrival of Feruk Khan, the Persian Ambassador at Marseilles. He brings with him a suite of one hundred persons.

The Bishop of Amiens has been appointed Archbishop of Paris.

Verges, the assassin of the former Archbishop, if executed, will be degraded on the guillotine. This sentence has been frequently carried into execution. The bishop of the diocese attended by the clergy, is seated on the scaffold, surrounded by all the sacred implements which are use at the consecration of priests. He then utters a prayer, and after some ceremonies, the bisho will scratch the palm of Verges's hands, the end of his fingers and thumbs, and the shaven cro of his head, to remove the odor of sanctity fr the culprit. He will then be unfrocked, and torwards decapitated.

Russia continues unsuccessful in Circassia. a late battle the Russian forces were beaten Ibrahim Pasha, and their general was killed. is always pleasant to read of the Russians bei beaten. And then, being accustomed to a "stick" from their youth, they probably do object to a good flogging as much as some of would.

In Turkey, there is unusual activity in the ter of internal improvements. Rumors prev of a railroad from Rustchuk to the Gulf of S dis, which the western powers favor with a vie to military purposes. The Porte has approve of a new Bank, which accordingly will at on commence operations at Constantinople with capital of eight millions of piasters. A Co mission of Generals is appointed to prepar plan for the reform of the Turkish army. So philosophers say—perhaps ironically—that only way to make the Turks right good fight is to make them Christians.

The Chinese troubles continue. The Gov nor of Canton keeps his attitude unchanged, has issued a proclamation declaring martial against any of the people that presume to sp of peace.

The American vessel of war, Portsmouth, fired into by some bravos in one of the Chi forts, on the 15th of November, while the tro with the English was in progress. Commo Armstrong, of the American squadron, im diately determined to capture the river forts, then send news of his action to the Chinese vernor. The plan was promptly carried int fect. Four forts, very important to the defe of the city, containing one hundred and six five guns, were either totally destroyed or mantled. Five or six Americans were killed, several wounded.

It is said that the French have taken pos sion of the Liptat forts on one of the branc of the Canton river, which they intend to h till they obtain satisfaction for certain alle malpractices of the Chinese Government.

The British Admiral Seymour is now atten ing to coerce the Governor into terms thro the people. With this view, he is capturing vate junks, filling them with the remains of molished forts, and sinking them in the rive The object of sinking them in the river is prevent fire-rafts from approaching his vessels

This whole Chinese business has a singular pearance. England having gone to work, Fr and America appear to have felt it incumb upon them to follow suit. Our own vessels would seem, were greatly favored in being into; but the French, not being able to any gross insult or injury, have been compe to plead the lesser injury of malpractices. W the Cock is determined to have his share of plunder, with the Bull and the Eagle, it does do to stand upon the grade of the offence. A ye cunning and miserable Chinese, ye have be tried and found guilty on all of three mater counts. First, you do possess certain Te Drugs, &c., valuable to all the civilized world. Secondly, like Barbarians and Idolators as are, you insist upon having hard money those Teas, Drugs, &c.,—and neither will ingly take Yankee Notions, French Silks, English Cottons and Opiums in exchange them. Thirdly, you are weak, and cannot fig And fourthly—which aggravates all the res you are consummedly impudent. Found gu upon all these counts—"Off with their heads much for Chinese-ham," is the verdict of civilized and Christian world; the sentence be carried into execution upon the first favora provocation. This is our way of looking at Chinese, Japan, and other similar difficult though, of course, we lay no claim to infall lity of judgment. Doubtless the Chinese very provoking—and it is enough to r the ire of any Christian merchant, to sail sands of miles through dangerous seas, and be refused an "honest trade" by an unbap and fancy Idolator who wears a pigtail.

THE CANDLE AND ITS HISTORY.

In making the candle the subject of a few remarks this week, we must beg our readers not to imagine that we intend to make light either of them or of the subject. But it is curious how little is known of the history of many articles which pass daily before our eyes. How they originated, what they were in their first conception, and how they have reached step by step their improved condition, are inquiries which ninety-nine people in the hundred would admit themselves at once incompetent to answer. Therefore, by the light of the "midnight lamp"—all gas, as it is in our case—let us endeavor to throw a few illuminating rays upon the history of one of the most important of these articles, the candle.

To begin then with the name;—this shows the early origin of the article. For it is of the dwellers of the sandy deserts of Western Asia—the word *chandeel* in the Arabic signifying a torch. As a means of illumination, the candle, as well as something answering the purpose of the lamp, doubtless has been in use from the earliest times. The first application of fire to the work of illumination, was probably the lifting the burning firebrand from the rude hearth to terrify the wild beasts which prowled around the forests; this rude torch must have been in use even by our first parents, at least after the expulsion from Eden. Next, as it was observed that some woods contained more resinous matter than others, splinters of these would be used, as they are even to this day in our frontier settlements, where more than one eminent statesman or scholar has read himself for college by the light of pine knots. A further advance in the art of illumination was made, when it was discovered, that, by twisting the fibres of flax or hemp with the resinous gum which exudes from the trees of the order *Coniferæ*, they would give a better and more permanent light. The sacrificing of animals in worship, probably suggested the use of animal fats for a similar purpose; and the discovery of the vegetable oil of the olive and other fruits, supplied a more liquid material for burning. Indeed the oil, or the more solid fat, seems to have been used indifferently, according to the convenience of obtaining them.

The allusions to candles in the Scriptures are quite frequent, and the term is occasionally used in such a way as to show that oil was employed. Although this, with us, would make a lamp more appropriate than a candlestick, yet in their use of them there was little difference between the two. The lamp was merely an open vase in which was placed a quantity of flax or rags, which were from time to time saturated with oil, a vessel of which was carried by any one who had occasion to use the lamp. When the more solid fats were employed, the process was quite similar. This is the lamp doubtless referred to in the parable of the ten virgins.

Pliny and Livy both state that the sacred or lylline books found in the tomb of Numa, 535 ears after his death, were in a box bound around with two candles, and that their preservation was probably owing to this fact. These candles would seem to have been twisted masses of wax saturated with pitch, or some resinous substance, and probably resembled our tarred ropes more than a odern candle. In the 16th Book of his Natural istory, Pliny speaks of the use of the pith of the brittle rushes as useful for *watch-candles*, and in book XIX. he describes the qualities of flax which are most suitable for candle wicks. It seems from a passage in book XXXVI. that naphtha, from a spring in Agrigentum, was the common fuel for lamps and candles in Sicily. He describes various uses of wax and tallow, but does not seem to have had any idea of their forming materials for candles. It could not have been long after this, however, ere they were employed for this purpose, for Fosbrooke in his *Encyclopedia Antiquitatis* states that wax was employed for candles by the Romans, at a comparatively early period; that the wicks were made of papyrus, and rope, and that they were borne by children at marriages, and were also used at funerals. He also states that on these occasions the wealthy Romans used lamps, and the poor, candles. Beckmann in his *History of Inventions* relates, that the Emperor Constantine, about the beginning of the fourth century, caused the city of Byzantium, or Constantinople, to be illuminated with lamps and wax candles on Christmas Eve.

It should be borne in mind, however, that the use of lamps and candles, except among the most wealthy of the Romans, was confined to marriage and funeral ceremonies. The great mass of the Roman people, as well as other nations who were contemporaneous with them, went to bed at dusk, for the very good reason, that there was no use in sitting up in the dark. Had candles or other modes of illumination been less expensive than they were, their open and ill-constructed houses would have made it difficult to keep a light burning, and consequently the work of the day was done in the day. Indeed, it is not until quite modern times, that we find the lower classes in Europe enjoying any other light in the evening than that of the moon and stars.

In the middle ages, the demands of the Catholic Church for illuminations, caused the manufacture of wax candles to become quite general, though for the most part they were made in the families of the wealthy. Fosbrooke says that they varied very much in size, some being exceedingly small, and others weighing fifty pounds or more.

From *Asser's Annals*, quoted in Bohn's *Six Old English Chronicles*, we learn that King Alfred devised a plan for marking the hours of the day, by the burning of wax-candles, six of which, lighted in succession, burned exactly twenty-four hours; these candles were marked off into twelve divisions.

The business of preparing wax-candles and tapers for religious rites fell into the hands of the religious orders in England and on the continent, in the tenth or eleventh century. They combined with it the preparation of cere-cloths, or cloths coated with wax for the preservation of the bodies of important personages who had deceased. The Carmelites, in particular, devoted much attention to wax chandlery. From this art several English words are derived, some of which have lost all connection with their original. The word sincere (*sine* without *cere*, wax) originally signified a body not wrapped in a wax-cloth—and therefore, in its primal condition. Hence it came to mean an object without disguise, and consequently without deceit. The word *cerement*, does not now imply necessarily the use of wax. Coiled wax tapers were made in Venice as early as 1650. The use of rush lights among the peasantry of England, became quite common in the latter part of the last century. White, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, published in 1775, describes the method of making them, then practiced in Hampshire, quoting the receipt from Tomlinson's Cyclopedia: "a pound of rushes (*juncere effusus*,) containing 1,600 individuals, was coated with six pounds of tallow, so that 228 lights weighed one pound, and cost a little over 5d. The rushes were peeled on three sides for the best lights." "A good rush," White says, "which measured 2 feet, 4½ inches in length, burned 57 minutes," and adds that he was assured by an experienced housekeeper, that 1½ pounds of rushes, after being coated with tallow, completely supplied his family for a year. The light given by these, however, was but dim at the best and therefore candles possessing greater illuminating powers were deemed desirable by all who had occasion to use their eyes at night in any employment requiring close and accurate vision. There were, previous to the commencement of the present century, three materials from which candles were made; of these, tallow was much the cheapest and poorest. It very often contained portions of cellular tissue, in connexion with the fat, and these undergoing putrefaction, imparted to the candles a rancid and disagreeable odor. Efforts were made to improve the quality of these candles. By repeated melting and skimming the impurities were removed, but beeswax and several kinds of vegetable wax, particularly the wax procured from the *myrica cerifera* or Bayberry, and that from the *Stillingia Sebifera* (one of the Euphorbiaceæ) were added, to give hardness to the candles, and prevent their running or guttering. The wicks were also steeped in alum-water, or other preparations, to make them burn more clearly. Until within a few years the making of tallow candles was one of the housewife's duties. Every provident housekeeper had a set (from 50 to 100) of candle rods, usually of hickory and nicely turned or whittled. On each of these were arranged from 12 to 20 wicks, of suitable length for the proposed candles. After dipping these in alum-water, they were wrung and carefully dried, then slightly twisted, and thus prepared for dipping. Two long, wooden bars were next arranged about two feet from the floor, and about the same distance apart, on which the rods were placed. The room being cold, for it was only in an autumn or winter's day that candle-making could be prosecuted, the large kettle, containing perhaps two or three inches of prepared tallow, floating on hot water, was brought in, and the candle maker commenced her labors. The wicks were to be dipped in the hot tallow and replaced upon the frame, each in turn again and again until they assumed the form and size of candles. The temperature of the tallow was kept at the right point, by occasional additions of hot water—but to effect this required considerable judgment, because, if the water were too hot, the half-formed candle when plunged into it, lost rather than gained in size; and if not hot enough, the layers of tallow on the candle would unite imperfectly, and the candle would scale. The process usually occupied the best part of a day. The candles having remained upon the rods until they were well hardened, were taken off, trimmed, counted, and packed away for use. Some families used candle-moulds, by which small quantities of candles were made at a time—the mould being generally intended for only three candles; but the more provident housekeeper prepared the dips.

The other materials for candles were wax and spermaceti. Both were much more costly than tallow, but they gave a much clearer and pleasanter light. Of the first we have already spoken. They were never used to any great extent in this country, except in churches. The spermaceti candle was made from the very pure and solid fat obtained from the head of the sperm whale.—These candles were always made by the chandler, and gave a clear, beautiful light, requiring no snuffing. The heat of the burning wick produced a cup-shaped cavity around it, filled with the melted spermaceti; and the slightest motion of the candle was sure to precipitate this upon the dress or hands of the mover.

Although it was discovered so early as 1799 that, by the pressure of tallow, its fusing point and its hardness could be greatly raised, by the expression of a portion of the fluid oil, yet the chemists had made no application of their discoveries to the improvement of the candle before 1825, and they met with but scant success till 1830. In the larger towns and cities, candles were made in large quantities by the chandlers; but they differed in no respect from the article of domestic manufacture. The discoveries of M. Chevreuil in regard to the theory of saponification, led the way to numerous applications of chemical processes to the mechanic arts; and from the immediate connection between saponification and candle-making, the latter art was among the first to feel the impulse. In 1825, M. Chevreuil allied himself with Gay-Lussac, another eminent chemist, and took out a patent in France for the manufacture of candles from fatty acids.

The chemical constituents of tallow, lard, palm oil and cocoa nut oil, were found to be certain acids, which were, in the natural condition of these substances, in combination with glycerine and other animal and vegetable matters. These acids, from their origin and qualities, received the name of fatty acids; the principal were stearic, oleic and margaric acids, from tallow and lard; palmitic acid, from palm oil, and cocytic acid, from the oil of the cocoa-nut. By Chevreuil's process of saponification, and the subsequent improvements made in it, these acids were separated from their combination with the glycerine, and combined at first, either with sulphuric acid or with some alkali. By the use of steam, and by repeated washings, the sulphuric acid or the combining alkalis were removed, and the stearic, margaric, or palmitic acid isolated in a solid crystalline form, resembling spermaceti in appearance. The candles made from these acids, are hard and firm, but fuse readily at a temperature of 132 to 140 deg. Fahrenheit. Cambacceres, a French engineer, patented, in 1825, the plaiting of the wicks of these candles, which, by causing them, when burned, to curl outward, obviated the necessity of snuffing. By soaking the wicks in a solution of borate, phosphate or sulphate of ammonia, the clogging of the wicks, which was an early difficulty, was obviated. We have not space, nor would it be interesting to our readers, to go into the detail of the two processes adopted in the large stearine candle works, the saponification by lime, and the saponification by sulphuric acid. Both are long, and require repeated washings, refinings and distillations; but they form some of the most striking exemplifications of the services which chemistry has rendered to the mechanic arts. By these processes, even the most impure kinds of fat—the waste grease from the kitchen, the washings of wool at the woolen factories, and refuse fatty material, from all quarters, are transformed into—pure, white, inodorous candles. The manufactories of these articles, both in Europe and in this country, are on the most gigantic scale. Price's Candle Company, at Vauxhall, have a capital of $2,500,000, employ 800 work people, and have their own plantations of cocoa-nut trees in Ceylon, from which they derive their own cocoa-nut oil. Their annual net profits amount to nearly $300,000 per annum.

M. De Milly, of Paris, who was the first manufacturer of stearic candles, employs about 400 hands, and turns out two tons of candles a day. He gave them the name of *Bougies de l'Etoile*, in consequence of his manufactory being situated near the barrier of that name. The best stearic candles are known by this name all over the continent of Europe, and, singularly enough, our American manufacturers have translated and adopted it, their best quality of stearic candles being branded "*Star Candles*." We have no means of ascertaining the daily production of the gigantic establishments at Louisville and Cincinnati; but from the immense market they supply, it must be very large.

It is not necessary to go into an account of the chemical constituents of wax and spermaceti candles, for the processes adopted in their manufacture are entirely mechanical. The wax is prepared for use by bleaching and refining, and is subsequently used in its white condition or colored by the addition of various pigments.

There is another article, however, recently introduced into use for candles, which if it can be manufactured cheaply bids fair to supercede all other candles for purposes of illumination. We allude to *paraffin*, one of the products of the distillation of some kinds of bituminous coal, particularly the English Cannel coal and the Breckenridge coal in this country. The constituents of this substance are precisely the same as those of the Oilfant gas now used for lighting our large cities. It is indeed this gas reduced to a solid, white and inodorous mass. The Breckenridge coal is said to contain it in large quantities, and if it can be easily and cheaply extracted, it must inevitably come into general use.

Having thus traced the history of the candle from the earliest period down to our own times, we take leave of our readers, hoping that in this case the old proverb may not prove true—"the sport" (of reading this sketch) "is not worth the candle."

"SOFT SAWDER."

Sir Robert Peel—a son of the famous Sir Robert—recently delivered a speech at Birmingham, in which he gave a ludicrous account of his visit to St. Petersburg to see the Coronation of the Czar; sparing nobody in making up his grotesque narrative. The French papers give copious extracts from it, but are greatly embarrassed by the phrase "soft sawder," which puzzles them extremely. The *Assemblee* thus disposes of the phrase:

"It is all 'soft sawder,' an expression more American than English, and one which it is impossible to translate literally. 'Soft sawder' means a sawyer who handles his saw lazily, and does but little work. A 'soft sawder' is what, in the language of working people, is called an *lambin, un grand lache, une poule mouillee.*" Having by this lexicographical process obtained a choice of epithets, the *Assemblee* selects *lambin* as the most appropriate, and accordingly in the text of the article it is represented that Sir Robert Peel, instead of saying that the Grand Duke's frankness and cordiality was all "soft sawder," called him a "great drone" (*lambin.*)

It is very evident that the term which so puzzled the French translators, is an incorrect pronunciation of soft sodder or solder. That is, sodder that will hold when exposed to a very slight heat, but melts or becomes soft when exposed to a great one. It is, therefore, a very expressive phrase, as used to signify empty compliments or insincere expressions of friendship. Such are the very softest kind of sodder, melting when interest or passion raises the temperature in the slightest degree.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—A statement comes from London, to the effect that another Submarine Telegraph is projected, to be laid directly between Great Britain and the United States, without making the roundabout circuit by the English Colonial possessions. If such a route be possible, the preference should of course be given to it alike by our capitalists and our government. The only good reason given for the route heretofore indicated, is the superior facility which the bed of the ocean proffers in that direction. Perhaps it would be well for Congress to delay any bargain with the Company already organized, until able to satisfy itself of the practicability of a route which should bring one termination of the line within our own borders.

OHIO LANDS.

PERRYSBURG, WOOD CO., OHIO.

Messrs. Editors of the Post:—About a year ago, you published a few lines from me, which I wrote to direct to this county the attention of persons wishing to move West. I have received a number of letters asking information concerning land, products, &c., here. If you please I will reply, giving the desired information through the Post, as I presume the writers are readers of it:

Timber land, or prairie, can be bought separately or together in almost any quantity, at prices varying from three to fifteen dollars for timber, and from ten to twenty-five for prairie. In best locations as to roads, towns, &c., improved farms can be bought for 25 to 40 dollars an acre. There are flouring and grist mills and saw mills within convenient distance of nearly all parts of the county. Best lumber worth 8 to 9 dollars per M. Stone for building plenty, but confined to certain places, and not scattered over land that is to be ploughed. The surface of the country being very level, farms can be divided into square fields, and ploughed without turning up a stone as large as a walnut. To ditch a farm costs about one dollar and a quarter an acre, which is less than the cost of removing stones from land in hilly countries. The timber is oak, hickory, ash, black walnut, poplar, cottonwood and elm. The main product is corn. It can be raised and gathered at seven dollars an acre. One hundred acres will cost 700 dollars, and will yield on an average 5,000 bushels, worth any year 40 cents a bushel in crib, $2,000; deducting $700, the cost, leaves $1,300 as clear gain. Though the last season was extremely unfavorable, I have corn that yields the above estimate—50 bushels. As good looking wheat as ever grew was exhibited at the Wood County Fair last October. Oats, rye, buckwheat, and potatoes are grown here profitably; clover and timothy grow luxuriantly. The fruit and vegetables shown at the fair were superior to anything I have ever seen. I measured a common red beet 28 inches in circumference, round and smooth, another was 13 inches across one of its 3 sides, another was 22 inches long, 16 inches round the top end, and 3½ at the lower end. Cabbages hard and plump measured four feet in circumference. These statements, for which I hold myself responsible, will answer inquiries about the fertility of our soil.

As to health, there is no more healthy country than the prairies of Wood county.

Jan. 16th, 1857. J. R. RUDULPH.

☞ Young ladies who faint on being "proposed to," can be restored to consciousness by just whispering in their ear, you were only joking.

☞ By annihilating the desires, you annihilate the mind. Every man without passions, has within him no principle of action, nor motive to act.

Paris Letter.

THE NEW POW-WOW—AN ARCHBISHOP FALLEN—CRIMES AND RUMORS—A DESCONDENT SALESMAN—THE COUNTESS'S STORY.

PARIS, JAN. 8, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The opening of the Supplementary Congress, and the assassination of the Archbishop of Paris, of which events your exchanges will give you full particulars, have been the leading topics of the past week. The body of the respected prelate, a man of moderate and conciliatory views, is lying in state in the Archepiscopal Palace, surrounded by all the mortuary pomp that the Church of Rome possesses the art of rendering so imposing. Three large rooms, hung with draperies of black and silver, filled with the symbols of the Romish faith, and lighted with innumerable tapers, have been opened to the public, who are flocking in crowds to gaze at the murdered man, lying in state on a magnificent catafalque, in his robes and ornaments. These are drawn aside at the waist, so as to expose to the curious eyes of Paris the wounds which have had so fatal a result.

This detestable crime has given rise to a score of the most monstrous hypotheses, which are circulating from mouth to mouth, and explain the deed by the most extravagant suppositions as to its motive. One of these, that finds great favor among the working classes, attributes the crime to the instigation of the Emperor, supposed to have detested the deceased, partly from his having been nominated by Cavalgnac, partly from his Gallican tendencies, which formed an obstacle to the affectionate understanding so happily begun between the Imperial and Papal Courts. Others attribute the deed to the feeling of indignation which has been roused by a number of abominable crimes, of a nature not to be recorded here, committed recently by priests in this city, and which, though all mention of them has been kept, "by authority," out of the public journals, have none the less leaked out among the public.

While upon this subject, I may add that the story I brought to your notice a few weeks ago, respecting the nocturnal vision of the gentleman who got locked up by mistake in the Church of St. Laurent, and was thus obliged to pass the night there, was neither a hoax nor an hallucination, as the authorities endeavored to make the public believe, but a horrible fact. The thing having been "hushed up," as far as possible, it is hardly possible to be sure of the truth of the various incidents in the hideous drama thus brought to light, but it is tolerably certain that a young girl of remarkable beauty, daughter of the keeper of an eating-house in the vicinity of the church in question, had suddenly disappeared, and all the efforts of her family to trace her had failed; that the gentleman who had been roused from his slumbers by the sound of groans, and the sight of the priest carrying a lantern and a small basket, and had there seen a female figure, nearly naked, and terribly emaciated, (one version says in the interior of one of the massive pillars, another, in a dungeon under the pavement of the church,) as soon as the church doors were opened next morning, went into this very eating-house to take some food previous to hurrying off to the police office to make his deposition; that the father, struck by the story, at once concluded that his daughter had been abducted by the priests, and shut up in the dungeons under the church; that he went to the proper quarter with the gentleman, entered his complaint, that the priests of St. Laurent denied the whole story, and asserted that there were neither crypts nor dungeons under the church, but that the father, who, many years ago, had visited these subterranean regions, proved conclusively that they existed, and threatened to divulge the whole affair if his daughter were not immediately restored to him; that the threat was effectual, and that the unfortunate girl was given up to her father, the mere shadow of her former self, and has since died of the outrages of which she had been the victim.

I cannot, of course, vouch for the truth of this hideous tale; the muzzling to which the press and even speech is subjected here, makes it well-nigh impossible to get at the exact truth on any matter. All I can say is that the story is believed in circles the most intelligent and best-informed, and for that reason I bring it before the notice of your readers.

But whether the charges brought against the priests of St. Laurent, and the suspicion of connivance on the part of the Emperor, in the death of Archbishop Sibaud, be true or false, what must be the state of a nation whose religious teachers, and civil chief, are regarded as being open to such suspicions?

The New Year's festivities, nevertheless, have gone on merrily, as usual. The quantity of visiting-cards exchanged here through the post, at this season, is so great that although the administration takes on a large number of additional hands for the work, it is impossible to distribute them promptly; and people are still receiving cards posted, to their address, a fortnight or three weeks ago!

As to the presents for the juvenile portion of the community, the tide of the moment sets in so strongly towards *scientific toys* that the old standbys, of Polichinello, hussars, wax-dolls, trumpets, animals, and peg-tops have proved quite unsaleable. The toys which have carried off the palm are the balloon balls, mentioned in my last, little railways, with locomotives and carriages complete, magnetic ducks, swans, and fishes, steamboats destined to "go" on the ponds in the Tuileries and the Bois de Boulogne, and other ingenious contrivances of a similar character. One of the great toy shops on the Boulevard, not sufficiently alive to the "march of Progress" in this department, is said to be in great depression of mind from finding that some ten thousand francs worth of "superannuated" toys, which it had prepared for the delight of its customers and its own advantage, have been left disdainfully on its hands, while the "scientific" dealers have been gleaning golden harvests.

Your readers have probably not forgotten the offer made to me on their behalf by the funny old sample of a Countess described in my last, and whom I found, a few days ago, in excellent spirits, and impatient to lend me the family document she had promised.

The apartment of this original old lady is as odd and as characteristic as herself; not very large, nor very handsome (for her finances are now extremely limited) but full of all sorts of quaint valuables, heir-looms, gifts, &c., many of them very valuable, and all more or less curious and interesting. She is especially fond of her old family portraits; and pointed out to me, with great delight the picture of a young delicate-looking lady, in a curious Dutch costume, who must have been one of the loveliest creatures the Northern sun ever shone on.

"That beautiful girl is the heroine of my story," said Madame de A——, as she put the promised manuscript into my hand, "and though I say it who should not say it, and though you may find it rather hard to believe me, I must tell you that, in my younger days, I was considered to resemble her very strongly."

It certainly would require a stretch of the imagination to figure the little, withered, good-tempered, old lady, as resembling in the very least, the charming creature in question. But we know that Old Age is no respecter of personal beauty; and that the fairest of fair girls, as the proverb says, unless she dies young, must submit to the inevitable changes worked by Time. At the present writing, however, the Countess de A——, and her old companion, look almost handsome in comparison with their usual selves; for a distant relation of Madame de A—— is just dead, and the two old ladies have gone into mourning accordingly. And the sudden substitution of a neat costume, all of one color, and of modern fashion, for the rusty, old-fashioned rigging of the Countess, and the extraordinary jumble of many-colored odds and ends of her *suivante*, has worked an amazing improvement in their appearance. But I must leave the two old ladies for the present, and devote the rest of my space in your columns to the following translation of

THE COUNTESS'S STORY.

After the discovery of America, by Christopher Columbus, and the opening of the road to the East Indies, a few years later, by Vasco de Gama, Spain and Portugal hastened to equip a number of ships, that bore to those distant countries successive bands of bold adventurers; and thus, during several centuries, these two maritime powers pushed forward the exploration of the new worlds of the rising and the setting sun, and brought to Europe the gold of the two Americas, and the jewels of India. Meantime, the Dutch, in their heavy galliots, scoured all the seas of the globe, establishing *depots* for their commerce on the most distant shores. But instead of seeking only for gold and precious stones, as did the Spanish and Portuguese, the Dutch traders devoted themselves more especially to the search after the treasures of the vegetable world. Coffee, sugar, vanilla, and a host of other precious exotics, became the basis of their commercial operations; and instead of turning themselves into gold-dealers, they may be said to have made themselves grocers. The enormous riches thus amassed by the Dutch merchants, speedily proved the correctness of the judgment which had led them into this branch of mercantile speculation.

Whilst, however, these millionaire grocers set themselves so busily to seek out the foreign plants, whose introduction into Europe offered the prospect of pecuniary advantage, they did not neglect to look for others whose beauty recommended them as ornaments of the shrubbery and the flower-bed. Thus the gardens of Haarlem were soon enriched with the Flora of Japan, India, and the Cape; and each time that a new species of flower arrived in the city, all the *florimaniacs* of the country became wild with emulative excitement.

But of all these new-found treasures, none created such a sensation as did the tulip. The sight of this elegant cup, so gracefully poised on its slender stem, and so richly veined with the most beautiful colors, excited, not simply an outburst of enthusiasm, but an absolute delirium, among the flower-lovers of Holland. These precious bulbs, sold in some cases at twenty-five thousand dollars apiece, were quoted regularly at the Exchange of Amsterdam; and the tulip *furore* at length reached such a pass that the Dutch Government was obliged to interfere, and to put a stop to the ruinous excesses of this floral malady. In spite of these efforts, the new flower of Japan still maintained its pre-eminence, and enormous prices long continued to be paid for every new variety obtained from seedlings.

In the midst of the gay perspectives of Holland, of green meadows sprinkled over with populous villages, myriad-colored villas, and countless windmills, veined by innumerable canals where ships moved onwards in full sail as on the ocean, the city of Haarlem is seen in the distance, built on the shores of a lake which has been proudly denominated a sea. This city, capital of north Holland, and the abode of the wildest *florimaniacs* the universe can boast of, possesses the physiognomy of all Dutch towns; to wit, narrow, dark streets, most exquisitely clean, houses of wood or brick, whose upper story is surmounted by the indispensable gable of open-work; but, in its environs, every object affects the most capricious shapes, from the wherry, in the form of a Chinese junk, gliding on the tranquil bosom of the canal, to the houses, all of which are built in imitation of the dwellings of some Asiatic tribe.

It was in one of these Asiatic abodes that toward the end of the last century, a retired fish-merchant dwelt, Herr Deckers, the richest inhabitant of a region nearly all of whose population boasted their one or more millions. While carrying on his dealings in the fish line, Herr Deckers had found time to enrich and embellish this favorite retreat. Under his unwearying care, this estate became a perfect Dutch paradise; and on his retiring from business, he made it his residence.

The house itself was built in the form of an Indian pagoda, was roofed with varnished tiles, that glistened in the sun like so many mirrors, and stood on a gentle rise in the midst of shady gardens, whose perspectives were managed with admirable taste and skill. The grounds were planted with exotics of the costliest species, and were watered by an artificial river which wound through perfumed thickets and enamelled flower-beds, amidst whose boughs and blossoms one came upon Tartar kiosks, formed of bamboos, Chinese pavillions glowing with all the clouds of the rainbow, and hung around with rows of little bells, and rustic arbors, modelled after the rude dwellings of the savages of the Molluccas.

In this beautiful abode, the stout ex-fish-dealer, round and puffy as his own herring barrels, passed his whole time after the death of his wife, relinquishing his business to his son Wilhelm. And here, during the fine weather, the old fellow might be seen, from morning to night, working among his favorite flowers, riddling the mould for his flower-beds, tying up carnations and roses, ticketing seed-plots, watering, and raking. But for the rich lace ruffles of his shirt, and the massive silver buckles in his shoes, the Haarlem nabob could not have been distinguished from one of his innumerable gardeners. For he was rude and rough, in manner and in speech, utterly ignorant of every science save that of money-getting, and innocent of every other art than that of raising his beloved flowers; and equally insensible to any other species of work in those around him. The pride of the Dutch Croesus, and the importance he attached to his millions and his flower-pots, were in exact proportion to his ignorance and rudeness.

Master Deckers, son of a porter on the wharves of Amsterdam, had begun life as a cabin-boy on board a ship in the herring fisheries off Greenland; but instead of attaching himself to the adventurous life of the fisheries, the cabin-boy had no sooner saved a few florins, than he returned to terra firma, and became a huckster of fish in the streets of Haarlem. In this capacity he soon scraped together enough funds to enable him to rent a dark, damp shop, close by the fish-market. A few years afterwards he quitted this mouldy hole for a handsome shop in the best part of the town; and in process of time, the house of Deckers, always prosperous, had become the most important fish-dealers of Holland. It sent out its own vessels to the fishing-grounds of Newfoundland and the Northern seas, and regulated the course of the money-market at the Exchange of Amsterdam; so that, when the son of the whaffinger retired from business, he left a capital of some twelve millions of florins in the hands of his only son. The retired merchant spent his money with lavish profusion, for the sake of giving himself importance. But his most extravagant expenditure was incurred in the purchase of all the finest varieties of tulips. He had thus become the owner of a dozen new kinds, peculiar to his own collection, which, proudly displayed in cases of laquer-work, procured him the honor of being recognized as the first tulip possessor in the world.

One warm July afternoon, in the summer of 1785, the rich Haarlem merchant might have been seen in his dressing-room, heavily hung with crimson velvet, and waited on by half-a-dozen valets, employed in putting the finishing touch to a toilet of a splendor commensurate with the pretensions of its wearer. His rotund figure seemed often more rotund, and his rosy face more rosy than ever, as, puffed up with the intensity of his self-importance, he prepared to fulfil the project which he had long been nursing, as the crowning glory of his house. For his son Wilhelm, now the ostensible head of the House of Deckers, had consented to allow his sire to demand for him the hand of the Fraulein Van Selkirk, only daughter and heiress of the rich Haarlem banker. The union of these two scions and their respective fortunes, would constitute by far the largest fortune of the region; a point to which the millionaire was anything but indifferent.

But, besides this flattering side of his favorite project, another idea caused old Deckers to cherish, with an ardent desire, this plan of bringing the heir and heiress together.

Herr Van Selkirk was one of the most important personages in the country; for, besides the aristocratic *Van* which stood before his name and which glittered before the imagination of the ex-fish merchant, as though its letters were made up of rubies and diamonds, he was Provost of the city, and banker both to the Stadtholder of Holland and to the East India Company; altogether a great man, not to speak of his riches, which, though not equal to the fortune amassed by the tulip-maniac, were still, as we have stated, very considerable. Now, the founder of the House of Deckers, notwithstanding his millions, secretly blushed at the humility of his origin, and at his having trundled a fish-cart through the streets of Haarlem, and taken to wife, in those days of obscurity, a young herring-girl of the market, famed for her shrillness of tongue and her shrewdness of spirit, and as he now desired the honors of rank as ardently as he had formerly sought after those of riches, his vanity had presented to him the realization of this union as the *ne plus ultra* of his dreams. For years past he had spared no effort to bring about so desirable a conclusion; visits, presents, offers of service, every species of diplomatic effort had he lavished to this end.—Judge, then, oh, penetrating reader, of the pride and joy of the ex-fish merchant's heart, at learning that his efforts had not been thrown away, and that the Herr Banker, more favorably impressed, perhaps, by the excellent qualities of young Deckers, than by the ambitious devotion of the old one, had consented to listen to him on the subject of the proposed alliance, and had appointed an interview with him, that very afternoon at the agreeable hour of four o'clock.

As to the young people, they had never met.—The careful education which Wilhelm Deckers had received in Paris, his high reputation for talent and probity, joined to the advantages of an unusually handsome person, were scarcely likely to be viewed with indifference by the plump beauty at whose feet he had tacitly allowed his father to deposit the homage of the matrimonial handkerchief. But whether Wilhelm himself, with his admiration of the graceful and highly-cultivated women he had occasionally obtained glimpses of abroad, his head full of poetry and romance, notwithstanding his capacity for business, and his very moderate appreciation of the over-blown beauties of his native land, would find the bolster-like person, and sluggish spirit of the great Haarlem heiress altogether to his mind, was not quite certain. At any rate, yielding to the reiterated representations of his sire, who pictured the Fraulein as a model of every virtue and perfection in general, and of those charms to which Wilhelm was most sensible in particular, the young head of the House of Deckers had at length resigned himself to accept the hand of the heiress, or, at least, to allow of his father's presenting a formal demand for that blessing, in his name.

But the inordinate length which this letter has already reached, warns me to reserve the remainder of this piece of ancient history until my next letter. QUANTUM.

☞ REPUTATION.—The reputation of a man is like his shadow—gigantic when it precedes him, and pigmy in its proportions when it follows him.

☞ To judge by the event, is an error all abuse and all commit; for in every instance courage, if crowned with success, is heroism; if clouded by defeat, temerity.—*Colton.*

☞ A boy who had stolen some apples was forgiven, for the rather ingenious manner in which he excused himself. The schoolmaster, asking him what he had to say for himself, the urchin replied, "The apples were Tom's, I don't know how *he* got them; and now they're mine, and he don't know how *I* got them."

☞ An exchange has discovered that the most remarkable fact about the weather at present, is, that the ladies possessed of handsome sets of fur, find it "bitter cold for the season," while those who are not as well provided for, declare that "it isn't cold a bit."

☞ A great deal of discomfort arises from over sensitiveness of what other people may say of you or your actions. Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are always in an amphitheatre, with the assembled world as spectators; whereas they are playing to empty benches all the while.

☞ It is said that in the Tor Bay, Devonshire, England, a huge stone blocks up the entrance to the bay. It is fabled that the stone can never be removed, except by a man who is master of his wife. It has never been removed, and, the question is, must it always remain there?

THE TRIBULATIONS OF AN UNDECIDED MAN.

BY LEOPOLD WRAY.

Of all the minor misfortunes of life, I sincerely believe that being of an undecided character is the greatest. Nor do I really know whether I ought to style it merely a *minor* misfortune; to me it has been the bane of my existence, and the one overwhelming misfortune that has swallowed up all the fair promises fortune held out to me.

To women it seems allowable to doubt, to hesitate, or to procrastinate; their doubts and hesitations may even seem graceful, proceeding as they sometimes do from timidity, or want of self-reliance through extreme diffidence. But a man! who has to fight his way through the world, ought to have the promptitude, the eagle's glance that decides at once the victory in the battle through life.

Unfortunately for me, this want of decision is a constitutional infirmity I inherited from an otherwise excellent mother. It began to display itself, to my father's annoyance, from my earliest infancy. If I was offered my choice of a cake or an apple, I should not have been able to decide which I preferred till the one was mouldy, and the other rotten. It was the same with playthings, the same between any two treats, the casting vote between which might be awarded to me. I still remember, as if it were but yesterday, that on the arrival of an uncle, who was to spend a short time with us, the good man projected a day's amusement for myself and some other children. Would I like best a ride to visit a picturesque old castle, and a scamper through the adjoining wood to peep at a waterfall; or an excursion on the Rhine, to a garden some miles off, where people used to hear an excellent band of music? To think that I was made the arbiter between two such delightful alternatives! But then, to be sure, I was an only son.

I lay awake nearly the whole night considering what answer I should give my uncle next morning, for he had allowed me that time for deliberation. But alas! I had got no further. I was like the ass between the two bundles of hay—both excursions seemed equally tempting; and if one moment I pictured to myself in vivid colors the delight of bestriding a pony, the charms of a water party, so exciting to a novice, would, the next minute, bear away the bell in my estimation. Like the ass in the fable was I likewise doomed to end. For my father, exasperated at my delays, promulgated this sentence without appeal: "Sebastian shall stay at home, to teach him to be a little quicker another time in making his choice."

Alack and a well-a-day! would that my childish experience had been a warning to me!

In my case the boy was father to the man. The same as I had trifled away toys and cakes, so did I let slip in youth various chances of securing an advantageous career. At one time I thought of entering the army, and I might have obtained great chances of advancement in the Prussian service through a connexion on my mother's side of the family, who had some influence with the minister. My father used to joke me, and say, that no doubt I should conquer by delay, like a second Fabius, if I became a soldier; but he expressed great doubts whether I should not get cashiered for my pains in our stirring modern times. But he need not have exerted his wit to dissuade me, for long before I had made up my mind that the *army might, perhaps, not suit me*, the relation on whom we had built hopes of preferment for me fell into disgrace at court.

After a time I coquetted with the law, but being rather nervous as well as undecided, I felt afraid I might never make any great figure at the bar. Then painting occupied my thoughts—and then music. The sciences, too, came in for a share of my worship, and I dreamed of success and celebrity as a professor. Worn out by my continual fluctuations, my father now urged me, almost severely, to make a definitive choice of a career, instead of "philandering," as he called it, with all theatre and sciences in rotation. He had an old friend who offered his patronage to obtain me a government situation in the Grand Duchy of ———. Here was something secure, with a promise of future promotion. Would I give up my day dreams and at once secure the prize? Should he write at once to say that I accepted gratefully?

To have complied with so wise a suggestion, I must have abdicated my nature. Still I promised my father to give the subject my earnest consideration; and I considered so long and so thoroughly, that my respected parent died long before I had finished discussing all the "pros" and the "cons."

This event ought to have roused me from my torpor. I was now an orphan, and thought, with a degree of salutary alarm, that I must speedily adopt some resolution to gain a livelihood; not knowing, indeed, what property I had to expect from my father, who had entertained such a contempt for my wavering disposition that he had never spoken to me about his circumstances. It was only three days after his decease that there came a letter from his friend in the Grand Duchy of ———, saying that, "owing to Sebastian's unaccountable delays," after doing his utmost to keep the situation open as long as possible, it had at length been bestowed on another. This made a deep effect on me at the time, and I formed a number of wise resolves for the future—but somehow I never could manage to carry them into effect for present use.

On my becoming acquainted with my father's will, I found that although I was exactly of age at the time of his death, he had arranged matters so that I was not to inherit the whole of his property till two or three years later, and subject, it seems, to certain conditions that were to be communicated to me by a member of our family, Colonel Altenburg, whom I had never seen, and who was abroad at that time, but whom he had appointed to act as his executor, and as a kind of guardian over me. Finding I had a sufficiency to live upon comfortably, I did not trouble myself about the colonel's absence, and a year flew past without my having advanced a step further towards choosing a profession.

At the end of that period, a very laconic note from the colonel informed me that he had retired to Altenberg Castle, whither he summoned me to come and hear my father's last injunctions. It was time, too, he said, that I should become acquainted with his daughters, my cousins; and, unless I wrote to the contrary, he should expect me within a fortnight.

There was something so cold and abrupt in his letter, that I felt puzzled how to answer him. Civility required a reply, whether I accepted the invitation or not; I had half a mind to decline for the present, but, as usual, while I kept weighing the expressions of my intended answer, the fortnight had nearly slipped away, which fact I felt engaged me now to go whether I wished it or not.

I set out for the castle which stood on the banks of the Rhine. The journey was picturesque and charming—too much so, indeed; for, having had the choice of two different roads submitted to me at an inn, both of which were equally lauded by two different travellers, dining at the same table with me, I hesitated so long that I let slip the coach leading by one of these roads; when I learned, to my dismay, that the coach for the other and longer way would not call at the inn till the following morning. It thus fell out that I came to Altenberg Castle a day after the appointed fortnight.

An old corporal, who acted as servant, took in my luggage, informed me that the colonel was from home, having ceased to expect me, offered me supper, waited on me, and then conducted me to my chamber. He was a man of few words, who answered every question with a military salute. All I could learn from him was, that the young ladies were at home, and that I should see them in the morning. He then recapitulated the hours of all the meals, which he told me were served up with military punctuality, and left me with a strong impression that I was in disgrace with both the colonel and his corporal. I now wondered what my cousins were like, which kept me awake a considerable time, in spite of my efforts to compose myself to sleep, for fear of being too late in the morning. But this I need not have feared, for at an early hour my new acquaintance beat a tattoo at my door that was sufficient to have awakened the dead, when I jumped out of bed and dressed myself in great haste, and hurried down stairs to retrieve my character.

To my great relief neither of my cousins was yet in the sitting-room, so I had time to look about me; and first of all I gazed at the portrait of a military man, whose strongly marked features at once convinced me he was the cousin whose energetic character I had so often heard my father commend. I concluded from the inspection that my respected cousin must be a martinet and a severe disciplinarian, and began sincerely to pity his daughters, unless, indeed, they were two gaunt grenadiers, as I now expected them to turn out, having inherited their papa's obstinacy and aggressiveness.

I was in the middle of these reflections, when my fair cousins entered, and welcomed me with frank cordiality. They appeared to me like two little angels, not only from their extreme prettiness, but for their graces of manner, amiability, and sprightliness. They were, besides, small and slender (the very direct reverse of my foolish imaginings,) and possessed the great advantage, for sisters, of being of a different style of beauty. Henriette, the eldest, had dark hair, and a certain energy never bordering on harshness in the expression of her countenance; while Sophie, who was fair-haired, wore an enchanting expression of gentle sweetness—but both were gay and unrestrained.

Having found me contemplating the colonel's portrait, they hastened to say that they could only introduce me, for the present, to their papa's counterfeit, as urgent business had taken him away the day before, and he would not be back before the evening. I felt I did not care if he never came back; but I was pleased to find they did not seem to harbor any resentment about my delay, nor to hint, as the corporal had done, that the colonel had only gone away because he had given me up. I could not, however, resist testing the matter by expressing the hope that their father had not thought me rude, while I muttered something about delays on the road.

"You must be punctual if you wish to please papa," said Henriette laughing.

I felt an incipient wish to please him without accounting for it myself; and at that moment it occurred to me that decision of character might be acquired if one had but the will to do it.

"Which do you like best, cousin, Mozart or Rossini?" asked Henriette, when we began talking of general subjects during breakfast.

I was taken aback.

"Why, cousin," I began, "really the question is one that requires consideration."

"Perhaps you don't like music?" observed Sophie.

"I adore it, on the contrary, and have studied it with great delight," said I.

"Then how is it possible not to know your own mind?" inquired Henriette. "I am well aware that I prefer Rossini, and that Sophie likes Mozart best; while papa cares for nothing but military music. But we each know our own opinion."

I acknowledged, laughingly, that she was right, while I inwardly felt seriously vexed, for the first time, at my own infirmity.

The morning passed away quickly and delightfully, what with music and a walk through the grounds. At last my companions said,

"Let us return to the house, for it is within a quarter of an hour of our dinner-time."

"How do you know that, fair cousins, without consulting your watches?" said I.

"Because we see papa now riding down the hill," said Henriette. "He was to be here at five minutes to two; and as it will take him ten minutes to reach home, we must know it to be a quarter to two."

"Why, he's as good as a clock," I exclaimed, laughing.

I was now presented to the formidable colonel, who, in spite of his sunburnt and strongly-marked features, and commanding voice, seemed to have elements of kindness in him, after all.—There seemed to be a great mutual affection between himself and his daughters; and as Henriette kept his house—he being a widower—he showed a pleasing deference to her household arrangements—saying that well understood discipline kept both armies and society together, and that in the "commissariat" department, as he styled it, Henriette was his General, and he conformed to orders. But, of course, Henriette knew just how far she might marshal her papa, and took care never to go a step beyond.

The colonel held out his hand to me, and said he had thought to have seen me sooner. I stammered out an apology about missing the coach, and so forth, when he answered,

"Young man, remember battles are never won by dilatory people. Life is a long battle; see that you don't get defeated in the end."

I felt something like a schoolboy reproved by his master; still I took the reprimand patiently, as the colonel was a sort of guardian, deputed by my deceased father to continue the task of lecturing me on my indecision. Besides, when I looked at my cousin, I could be neither angry nor displeased at anything. We now went into the dining room, as the hour was striking for dinner, which the corporal had just laid upon the table. The conversation was discursive, and turned on the topics of the day; and not a word was said about family matters.

No sooner was dinner over, than the colonel took me to smoke a cigar in the summer-house, having telegraphed to the girls not to accompany us. As he strode along with an almost lowering countenance, I remained silent, waiting for him to open his batteries. He now spoke of my late father, who, it seems, had acquainted him with my peculiar idiosyncrasy, as well as with the various opportunities of advancement I had already lost. The colonel knit his brows, as he declared he could not understand such a character, and that if I had been his son, he would presently have brought me into marching order.

The substance of the information he gave me about my late father's disposal of his property, amounted to this: I was a great deal richer than I had any idea of, from the quiet manner in which my parents had always lived, perhaps owing to their having come into some property rather late in life, when their habits were formed. My mother, being of a listless character, had never desired any alteration in their mode of living; she had, however, died years before my father, who, seeing my hereditary inertness, had rather wished to impel me to exertion and to the choice of a career by concealing from me the real state of the case. Hence his constituting the energetic colonel to be a kind of guardian, to keep me in tutelage two or three years after I was legally of age,—with this saving clause, that if I made choice of a profession within a year after his death, I might then be put into possession of the whole of his property, provided I persevered in any career I might choose for the space of three years. Were I to give it up before that allotted span, I was then to be mulcted of three years' income, which was to revert to the colonel. The next condition was a trifle more consolatory, and ran thus: If, at the end of a couple of years, in default of adopting a profession, I married with the colonel's approbation, I should then be put into unconditional possession of my father's property. He trusted, probably, that on my becoming a family man I should see the necessity of exerting myself, even though in the enjoyment of a competency.

After the colonel had expounded all this in a peremptory voice, there was a kind of relaxation of his official rigidity as a guardian and executor; and after handing me another cigar, which I took and lighted mechanically, he gave me sundry hints, through the blue clouds that surrounded us, that if I could make myself agreeable to one of his daughters, he would not be averse to my alliance, provided I got over that confounded fault of mine. He would take me on trial, he said, and allow me to stay a few weeks at the castle, and then we should see.

I was in the ninth heaven of delight on hearing this. I could have been content to smoke on to all eternity, and dream in that hazy atmosphere, and never move from the summer-house, even to begin the siege of the heart of one of my cousins;—but the moment my cigar was smoked, the colonel rose and gave the signal to march, saying we had now settled all we had to talk about.

There now followed a delicious period, which was certainly the happiest of my whole life.—Most of my time was spent with the two sisters. We were all three passionately fond of music, and frequently got up little concerts, of which we were at once the sole performers and auditors. Sophie played on the harp divinely, and as she sat at that poetic and graceful instrument, she looked like the embodification of one of Ossian's heroines. The more energetic Henriette was an admirable and vigorous performer on the pianoforte. I could sing at sight with tolerable proficiency, and a male voice was highly acceptable to the sisters, to support them in trios. To the two girls, these little concerts might be merely the practice of their favorite art—to me, they were something more. It seemed to be the process of making love, and drinking in love, in a kind of esthetical manner. I had at that time a very full and, some said, fine baritone voice.—Well, I can assure my reader, that it occasionally grew inaudible from emotion, when I looked at my two lovely companions; and Henriette had frequently turned round to chide me for want of decision in the time of the piece we were performing.

Now, it will naturally be asked, which of the two sisters had subjugated my heart? Alas! here my infirmity perplexed me more than ever! I am ashamed to confess it, but I did not yet know which I loved best of the two. How could I decide between two such enchantresses? If one moment the spirited flashes of Henriette's conversation showed me what a treasure she would prove, as a wife, to an undecided man, the next moment, Sophie's melting sweetness made it seem a yet more enviable fate to be united to her. It was this continual struggle in my own mind that gave rise to the musical hesitations, that brought down reproof upon me from Henriette—who was quite her father's daughter in all matters of punctuality; so that, when I was bent on executing my part faultlessly, I was obliged to turn away from the sisters, and to look up at the colonel's portrait, on which occasions I generally was rewarded, by hearing Sophie say, "How well cousin Sebastian sung that."

Time flew past—but too rapidly. Weeks had been prolonged to months; and the colonel, either from a degree of patience I cannot sufficiently thank him for, or, perhaps because he imagined all was arranged between one of his daughters and myself, and that we enjoyed, as lovers do, keeping up a little mystery, let me have my way undisturbed. At the end of about four months, however, the colonel said one day, in a pleasant tone, to us all three, "Well, children, when are we to have a wedding?"

It was kindly meant; and, indeed, from my manner, he could not but have deduced that I was in love with one of his daughters, and he thought to help me through the difficulty of a final demand in marriage. But the effects were quite different to his anticipations. The girls blushed scarlet up to the roots of their hair, and ran out of the room; and, as to myself, had a thunderbolt fallen at my feet, I could not have looked more confounded.

"What's the meaning of this?" said he, in his abrupt voice. Then, finding I returned no answer he hurried into the garden after his fugitive daughters, crying out, "Halt!" In a tone of command, when Henriette immediately obeyed the signal, and turned back to give the required explanation, while Sophie ran away to hide herself in the kitchen-garden.

I would have given worlds at that moment to have been able to decide which sister I should propose for, but I could not. The moment I inclined towards the eldest, the charms of the youngest rose up to overthrow my half formed resolution. What hope was there that I should not repent after taking an irrevocable step, and thinking I might have been happier with the other, let me choose which I would? I spent a few hours in a state of indescribable misery, yet without coming to any result. The girls did not appear again that day, and I supped alone with the colonel, who told me he was going to take his daughters to town in a day or two. This was tantamount to bidding me leave the house, and I reluctantly announced my departure for the morrow.

The colonel said not a word of reproach, but he naturally thought I had been trifling with his daughters; and the moment he had learned from the truth-speaking Henriette that no declaration of love had been made to either sister, in spite of my evident admiration of both, he thought it high time to remove them from the society of such a general lover, who might win their affections, yet never made up his mind to marry either. I believe he had reason to fear that perhaps Sophie had already fancied she was the object of my choice, which rendered him the more prompt in his measures.

The next day I left Altenberg Castle, with a heavy heart. It was like being turned out of paradise. I might have spoken a word and been happy. How many men in my position would have spoken it merely for the pecuniary advantage it would have brought? I was not, however, interested; this I must say, for my own consolation, however blameable my conduct might be in other respects; and true to my usual indecision, I said nothing, hoping that time and reflection would enable me to make up my mind, when removed from the charmed circle of such attractive girls. Fool that I was not to know that where we hesitate between two women, we ought to incline towards her in whose eyes we have obtained the greatest amount of favor; and still greater fool was I not to have seen at a glance, that since Sophie ran away from her father's council of war, it was she who was most kindly disposed towards me.

But I suppose it was my fate, as people say, to excuse all their own follies. A few months after, I heard of Sophie's marriage to a young merchant, whose mind was made up to win her the very first time he saw her; and now that the prize had escaped me, I seemed confirmed in the opinion that it was Sophie, after all, who would have suited me the best of the two.

I was still unmarried two years after my father's death, when I had occasion to visit Altenberg Castle, on some matters of business with the colonel. After these were settled, I would have retired to an inn, but the colonel insisted on my staying a few days with them. I now ventured to ask for Henriette.

"She is rather lonely, poor child, now her sister is married," said he, "for I am rather an old companion for a girl of her age."

Henriette received me a trifle coldly at first; however, music brought us together again, and I soon began to think it was a mercy one of the sisters was married, as there would now be no more hesitation, the moment I was convinced she might become the sole queen of my heart. Weeks slipped away in this pleasing delusion, when one morning, as I came back from a ride, I found the corporal busily cleaning the colonel's uniform, singing a merry song as he brushed away.

"Is there going to be a review," said I, in as conciliatory a tone as I could assume, in order to propitiate the old soldier, who never seemed to like me.

"No, sir, a wedding," replied he, with his military bow.

"Ah!" exclaimed I, feeling half dizzy. "Is the colonel going to marry again?"

"No, sir, but our young lady has just accepted Lieutenant Helder."

"Why, I thought he was merely a new acquaintance," stammered I, forgetting it was not suitable to discuss the matter with the "rank and file" of the household.

"No, sir—saw her at a review, sir, six weeks ago." And he went on brushing, adding, by way of a useful aphorism for my instruction, "Faint heart never won fair lady!"

I made no attempt to gain the lost victory, having an inkling Henriette must despise me, but left the field to my rival.

Chance so ruled it, that I did not see my cousins again, till more than twenty years after this period, and then I met Sophie at a party in ———. She was still handsome, and a happy wife and mother. She asked me, with an arch smile, whether I had yet made choice of a wife? Alas! I had not—though some silver threads were mixed up with my dark hair, and I was fast sinking into a confirmed old bachelor. She now sought to cheer me by introducing her daughter, a lovely girl of nineteen, who strongly resembled her former self; but when she sat down to the harp, and looked and played as her mother had done, I could bear it no longer. I started up and left the room. My wasted youth, my past folly, all rose up to reproach me; and what think you, reader, was the end of my foolish career?—Why—I, who might have been happy, I, who was so rich, grew so tired of being a lonely bachelor, that I finished by marrying my housekeeper, and sunk into a nervous old gentleman, who could not bear the sound of a harp, because it reminded him, too vividly, of the Harp of Altenberg.

SNOW.

E'en the old posts, that hold the bars,
And the old gate,
Forgetful of their winter's wars,
And age sedate,
High capped and plumed, like white hussars,
Stand there in state.

The drifts are hanging by the sill,
The eaves, the door;
The hay stack has become a hill—
All covered o'er,
The wagon loaded for the mill,
The night before!

Maria brings the water pail—
But where's the well?
Like magic of a fairy tale,
Most strange to tell,
All vanished—curb and crank and rail,
How deep it fell.

The wood pile, too, is playing hide—
The axe—the log—
The kennel of the friend so tried,
(The old watch dog)—
The grindstone standing by its side,
All now incog!

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—Everything. Charles Lamb understood this matter when, speaking of giving children ugly Christian names, he said, "Don't *Nicodemus* a man into nothing." A boy's name has more to do with his happiness and prosperity than we are apt to imagine. A diminutive, ill-sounding cognomen has kept many a poor fellow in the background all his days. And an unlucky nick-name, applied to the wearer by the caprice or malice of his fellows, not unfrequently affects his peace and respectability through life. We once knew a man whose real bona fide name was 'Stuffle Sickle." He was called "Stuff Pickle," for short. Well—what of him? Nothing. He was a "nobody," of course, and his whole history "nix." Reader! if you are young (as we hope you are), and married (as you ought to be), and should have sons and daughters (and may you be blessed with a half-dozen of such sort), remember that much depends on naming them properly. Beware of top heavy names—such as Byron and Washington and Shakspeare—which only serve to belittle the wearer. Better by half call them all John and Mary, and then *number them*, as they do steamboats in the West. Give them good, plain, manly, spelling-book titles, and then if any man "nick-names" your child, prosecute him for slander.

YANKEE COURTSHIP.

BY ALICE DE VERE

Cottage by the hillside—
Time, nigh unto dark,
Dorothy beside the fire,
Waiting for her spark
Old man by the chimney
Reading Boston paper;
Old lady near the table
Making Sal a cape, or
Some other peculiar kind of garment.

Very cold without, and
Wind a shrieking—howling;
Owls up in the orchard,
Out, perhaps, a fowling.
Rap, tap at the kitchen door—
Dorothy looks pleasant,
"Jonathan," she whispers sly:
"Rot me if it 'isn't,
Or else some fellow that I don't want to see."

Door is open—"Jonathan!
Why, how, how do ye du?"
"Well, Dorothy, I'm purty well,
A seein' how it's you."
Old man stops his reading,
Old lady quits the sewing;
Both remark to Jonathan,
"Well now how it's blowing,
There's going to be some tall weather yet, I sweow."

Salutations over;
Jonathan is mum;
Wishes over sundry times
That he was to hum.
Old folks getting sleepy
'Gin to nod the head;
Dorothy suggests, that they
Had better go to bed—
And a prodigious grin lighteth up Jonathan's physiognomy.

Old folks snoring soundly,
Young folks close together;
Jonathan and Dorothy
Talking 'bout the weather.
Jonathan is thinking
How to pop the question;
But his heart is thumping so
Can hardly keep his vest on,
And his tongue cleaveth to the roof of his mouth.

Dorothy looks slyly—
Knowse there's something coming;
Looks around at Jonathan—
He feels much like running.
"Dearest Dorothy," he says,
And his heart beats faster—
"Spose that you and I would go
Down to parson Castor,
And get linked in the everlasting bonds of matrimony."

* * * * * * *

Years have passed away, and
Down within the valley,
Far away from city,
Street or dirty alley,
Stands a little cottage,
White as snow in March;
Jonathan and Dorothy
Sitting on the porch,
And half a dozen white headed youngsters around them.

—*Pittsburg Union.*

THE BITER BIT.

A MOORISH LEGEND.

A Spanish Moor, being on the eve of setting out on a pilgrimage to Mecca, entrusted all his money to a man who had hitherto borne a reputation for unblemished probity. His fortune consisted of two thousand besants. On his return, he was not a little surprised when the reputed honest man denied all knowledge of himself or his money. The pilgrim entered a complaint against him, entreated the judge to help him to his property, and took his oath on the truth of his statement—but all in vain! The old man's good name outweighed all he could say; the plaintiff was nonsuited, and went away in despair.

Presently he met an old woman, who was toddling along with the help of a staff. Touched by the stranger's grief, she stopped him, hailed him in Allah's name, bid him take heart, and having listened to his unvarnished tale, she said:—"Be of good cheer, young man. May be, with Allah's help, I shall get back your gold. Do you buy a chest, and fill it with sand or mould; only let it be bound with iron, and well locked. Then choose three or four discreet men, and come to me. We shall succeed, never fear."

The Spanish Moor followed her advice punctually. He came with four friends, bringing a chest which the strongest porters could scarcely drag along.

"Now follow me," said the old woman.

On reaching the door of the supposed honest man, she went in with the Spaniard's four friends, bidding the latter wait below, and not make his appearance until the chest had been carried up stairs.

She now stood in the presence of the hypocrite, when she introduced her four companions, saying, "Behold, here are some honest Spaniards about to make a pilgrimage to Egypt. Their treasures are boundless. They possess, amongst other things, ten chests full of gold and silver, that they know not where to stow away just at present. They would fain entrust them to safe hands for a time; so I, well knowing your honesty and unsullied reputation, have brought them hither. Pray fulfil their wishes."

Meanwhile she had the heavy chest brought in, which the pretended honest man gloated over with greedy looks. But just then the despoiled pilgrim rushed in, impetuously claiming back his two thousand besants. The faithless depositary was frightened; and, lest the young man should reproach him with his treachery in presence of the strangers, who would then take away their chest with its untold treasures, which he had already determined to appropriate to himself, he cried out to the Moor—"Be welcome! I was almost fearing you would never come back, and was puzzled what I should do with the two thousand besants. Allah be praised, who brought you back safe! Here is what belongs to you."

The Spanish Moor went away with his treasure as triumphant as though he was carrying off so much booty. The old woman begged the master of the house to put this first chest in a safe place, while she went and ordered the rest to be sent. She then sheered off with her four companions, and, of course, never returned.

THE FLESH OF YOUNG ASSES is now eaten in Paris. An old writer—a classical authority—tells us, we partake of the nature of what we eat—a theory curiously illustrated by a story which, with its comment, we transcribe from a letter in one of the Ayscough MSS. in the British Museum. "Wincesl.aus tells a notable storie of a maide who, seeing one beheaded, had the falling sickness; and having tried divers remedies in vaine, some one persuaded her to drink cat's blood. Shee did it, and afterwards mewed, skipped, and hunted mice in corners and holes as cats doe, and that as long as the vehemence of the fit lasted. If," silly adds the writer of the letter, addressing his friend—"if strange flesh transforme us thus into the nature of that we take, pray forbear asses' flesh too as well as cat's blood."—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

☞ The editor-in-chief of the London Times has the same salary as the President of the United States—$25,000.

TWO STRANGE EPISODES.—I saw at Lyons two men, to each of whom a different and yet a strange event had happened in his lifetime. One of them (he was very like Beranger, even to his spectacles), after having broken the banks of three gambling houses, went to a fourth with his hat and his pockets full of gold and bank-notes. Taking out a handful of gold, "Now," he said, "it is your turn!" But he was not destined to be so lucky this time. His friends began to advise him to give it up, but he grew obstinate, persisted, and played on till he was so completely cleared out that he had to borrow a sou to pass over the bridge Morand. When he got to the middle he would have thrown himself into the river had not his friends prevented him.

The other man had been condemned to death during the Reign of Terror, and on the day of execution they were twelve in the cart. In such cases, whether it was out of refinement of cruelty, from indifference, or to render the hecatomb more easy and prompt, the miserable men were placed under the scaffold, so that the blood of the victims fell upon them. Eleven had been executed, when the assistants, oblivious of the number, began to take the machinery to pieces, the crowd looking on whilst the twelfth remained below, without power to speak or move, indeed, half dead with horror. Among those present, however, one man noticed him. He was a butcher. Creeping up to the cart beneath the scaffold, he took a nightcap out of one pocket and a knife out of the other, then putting the one on the prisoner's head, with the latter he severed the cords that bound his hands behind his back, and taking him by the arm, walked away with him, as if it was some one faint with the terrors of the spectacle. Nobody took notice of them. Dragging the victim along, rather than leading him, for the poor man had lost almost all consciousness, he at length got him into a coffee-house, where he was soon brought to himself. It would only be at the grave that the executioner would find out there was one intended victim too few.—*C. Maurice's Anecdotes of the Theatre.*

QUALIFIED ABUSE.—"I wish to know, sir, if you called me an ass?"

"Yes, sir, but I qualified it."

"Aha, sir, you qualified it, did you? the better for you, sir; and pray how did you qualify it?"

"I said you were an ass, all but the ears."

Useful Receipts.

CURE FOR FELONS OR THE FINGERS.—The Scientific American says:—"The past year we have known the spinal marrow of an ox or cow applied by three different persons, with the most satisfactory results, in relieving pain and securing cures of their felons. The spinal marrow should be applied for every four hours for two days."

GRAFTING WAX.—Take four proportions by weight of pitch, four of resin, two of beeswax, one of hog's lard, and one of turpentine, and melt and mix them well; spread it on brown paper, which, when cut into slips, can be easily applied. We however prefer grafting clay.

TO MAKE GRUEL.—Dr. Franklin's favorite breakfast was a bowl of warm gruel, in which there was a small piece of butter and some toasted bread and nutmeg. This, though the simplest of all preparations, is often ill made; and therefore we recommend every woman to make a point of learning to do it in the best manner. To make good gruel, four things are necessary; the vessel in which it is made must be thoroughly clean and free from grease, the meal must be well sifted, it must be well mixed so as to be free from lumps, and then it must be well boiled. Ask your invalid whether he prefers it thick or thin; if the latter, mix together by degrees one tablespoonful of Indian or oat meal with three of cold water; if the former, mix two spoonfuls of meal. Have ready a pint of boiling water in a skillet: put it on the fire and stir it till it boils, to prevent the meal from settling and burning at the bottom of the vessel. Let it boil half an-hour; skim it, and season it lightly with salt, as it is easy to add more, and a grain too much may spoil it. Where milk is not forbidden, a small tea-cupful added to a pint of gruel, after it is made, and boiled up once in it, is a great improvement. Milk-porridge is made nearly the same way as gruel, only using half flour and half Indian meal, and half milk instead of water. The whole cooking of the meal and flour should be done with water, and the milk added afterwards and boiled up once.

BEEF TEA.—Take a piece of lean but juicy beef, wash it nicely and cut it up into pieces about an inch square; put these into a wide-mouthed bottle and cork it up closely; then set the bottle into a pan of water and boil it for an hour, or more if you have time. In this way you will get the pure juice of the meat, undiluted by any water, and a smaller quantity will answer the purpose of nourishment.

REMEDY FOR WET MANURE CELLAR.—When the water springs up through the earth' bottom, and floods the manure, it may be effectually excluded by a coating of cement or water lime. A paving of stones a few inches in thickness, (without brick,) well covered with two or three coats of water lime mortar, will answer the purpose. The first coat should be rather soft when applied, so as to enter among the stones and form a solid mass. If any water enters at the side walls, it may be excluded there also, by coating them with the cement. It is important during the severe weather of winter, to keep the coating sufficiently covered with manure to prevent its freezing, or it will crack and leak. Where this precaution cannot be secured, we should prefer a mixture of sand and coal tar, instead of cement, as the frost will not touch it.—*Country Gentleman.*

CREOSOTE FOR WARTS.—Dr. Rainey, of St. Thomas's Hospital, London, has written an article to the Lancet, detailing the effects of creosote applied to warts. He applied it freely to an obstinate warty excrescence on one finger, then covered it over with a piece of sticking plaster. This course he pursued every three days for three weeks, when the wart was found to have disappeared, leaving the part beneath it quite healthy. This is certainly a remedy which can be easily applied by any person.

SUBSTITUTE FOR GLASS IN COUNTRY FRAMES.—Procure some strong canvas, and brush it over with boiled linseed oil while in a hot state, allowing it to dry thoroughly previous to the next application. Three coats will be sufficient. It being presumed that the wooden frame is already made, stretch the canvas, and nail it on carefully.

WORMS IN HORSES.—One pint of cold drawn linseed oil will be found an effectual cure; but remember that perfect rest must be given while it remains in the stomach. The worms will surfeit themselves with the oil, and so die, who they will be discharged in the course of nature

TO A BELOVED ONE.

I cannot, no! I cannot part from thee!
The beautiful but vanished Past, whose hours
Wove in our hearts such strange, sweet melody,
Is sighing to me now—its faded flowers
Are lying on my bosom, and I feel
A sadness which my heart can ne'er reveal.

I cannot, no! I cannot part from thee!
Life will not have a charm when thou art gone,
Since every dear memorial that I see,
Will tell me only of the absent one—
Will, like a dream of long forsaken home,
Still ever haunt me wheresoe'er I roam.

I cannot, no! I cannot part from thee!
Time has not stolen thy image from my soul,
Or taught me to forget thee—still to me
Thou art the same sweet angel whose control
Wooed me to live, when darkness rested on
My path, and all my dreams of peace were gone.

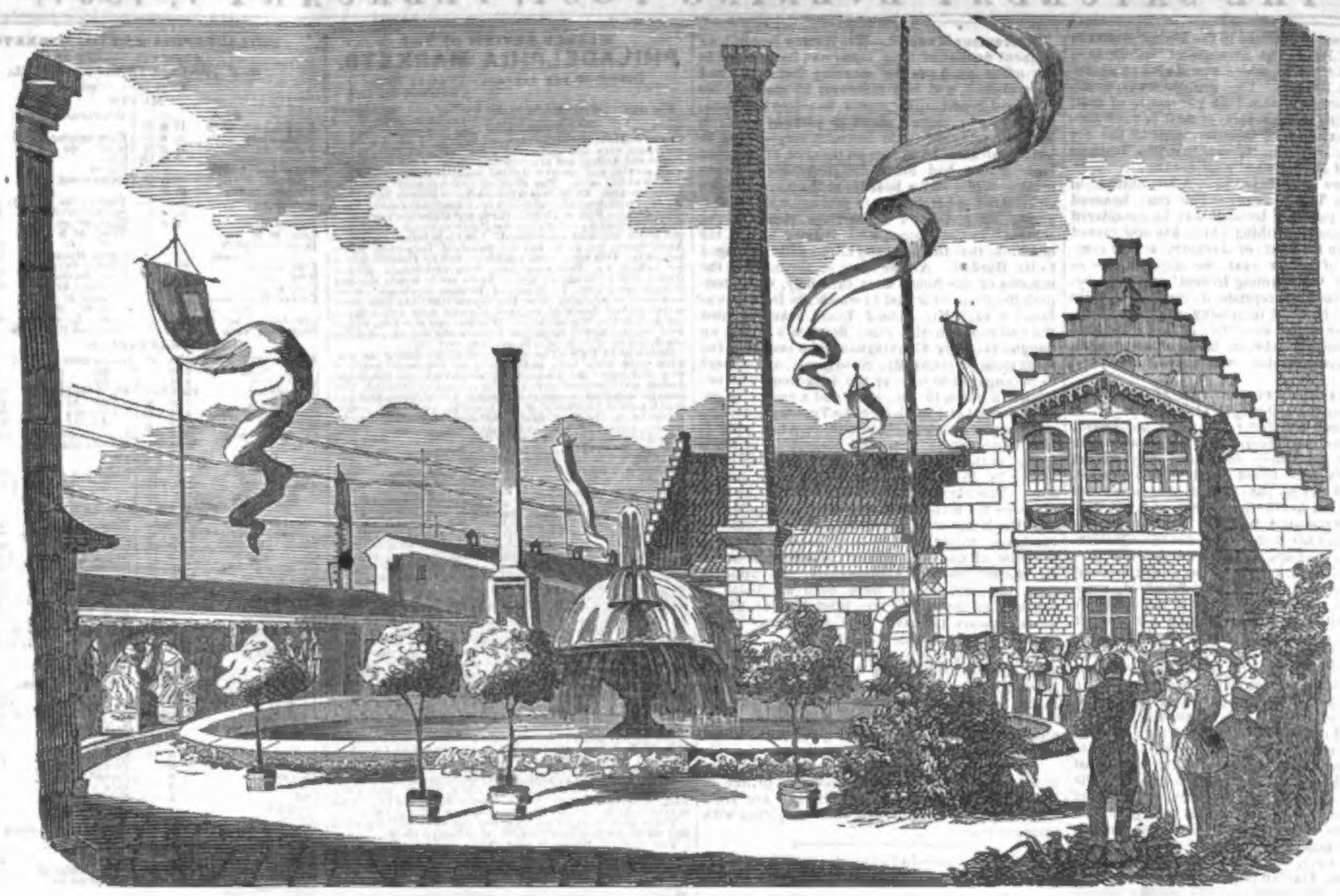
I cannot, no! I cannot part from thee!
For I have worshiped thee, bright one, too long—
Thou hast become too dearly loved to be
Dissevered from me now, when all the strong
And passionate pulses of my wayward heart
Have made thee of my soul a cherished part.

I cannot, no! I cannot part from thee!
Thou hast become my soul's bright cynosure;
And as the wanderer on the darksome sea,
Amid the tempest's gloom, turns to the pure,
Unfading glories of the pole-star's light,
So do I look to thee, when all is night.

I cannot, no! I cannot part from thee!
Thou hast become my all of life and love—
The angel of my changeful destiny,
Whose hand alone can lift my heart above
The woes of life—whose smile alone can give
A hope which shall the pangs of earth outlive.

I cannot, no! I cannot part from thee!
In vain my lips would breathe the fatal word,
Farewell!—it has no power to make me free,
As once it had—as once, before I heard
The bewildering music of thy lips, or gave
My haughty spirit up to be thy slave.

I cannot, no! I cannot part from thee!
Think of the many tears that we have shed—
Remember all the bitterness that we
Have suffered in the moments which have fled,
And thou wilt know that Death, alone, can part
The truly loved—the worshiped of the heart!



MANUFACTORY AT NUREMBURG, GERMANY.

The above gives some idea of the manner in which attention is paid to the aspect of great manufactories in Germany, and shows that some degree of elegance is not incompatible with the efficacious working of our manufacturing establishments. The German workmen, owing to the universal education which prevails, and their system of travel, are well adapted to respond to all such efforts of their employers. Every parent is *obliged* to send his children to school, and no child is allowed to be removed till he is fourteen years old, and has been confirmed by the minister and received his first communion. At this age he may be apprenticed, and the education he has received, being one which has combined the useful with the agreeable, the boy is fitted to take a certain stand, and his moral and religious feelings having been cultivated, he is not so prone to contract such bad habits, language and tastes, as he would have done, had no such attention been paid to him in his youth. The youth, as soon as his articles of apprenticeship are expired, starts off on his travels; he takes a few shirts, stockings, a good, respectable suit of clothes, shoes, and brushes, with him in a knapsack, to see the world. He has no difficulty in finding employment when his finances get low; he rarely stops one place above a month or two, or sufficient time to get a few florins to continue his travel, and off he goes again till he is again obliged to stop to recruit his finances. In this manner his intellect gets strengthened, and his ideas enlarged; he gets a more thorough insight into his trade, and obtains a greater knowledge of the world. If he should unfortunately find no employment in one town, he is always furnished with funds enough by the corporation of the trade to which he belongs to go on to the next town, and thus, by degrees, he sees nearly the whole of his own country, and frequently makes his way into foreign countries. This manner of life fits him for almost any society; although his manner may not be highly polished, he is still a well-behaved, entertaining companion, and one from whom much information may be obtained. It has also the effect of making him look forward to a time when he may be himself a master, and implants in his mind a laudable desire of obtaining a footing in the world, and of being independent. He is fully alive to the necessity of a decent outward appearance, and, let him be ever so poor, he will strive to obtain a good suit of clothes, and to effect this object will undergo any privation.—Our illustration furnishes us with an instance of the care sometimes bestowed upon the laying out and foundation of manufactories and of the amusements resorted to by the men themselves for their mutual edification and improvement.

LAW IN NEW GRANADA
vs.
LAW IN THE UNITED STATES.

It was a criminal trial in New Granada. A man had been charged with some crime, and had been denounced. The denunciation was page 1. Page 2 stated that he was not guilty. Page 3 was from the circuit judge, ordering the judge of the first instance to take evidence of A, B, C and D. These made up documents 4, 5, 6 and 7. No. 8 was from the accused, demanding that some one be assigned as his counsel, as he was too poor to employ a doctor of laws. No. 9 was from the judge of the first instance, ordering Rev. Elias Guerrero to defend the accused. In No. 10 my friend had asked that B and C be re examined on certain points, and E and F examined. Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, contained the results of these examinations, which he was sewing on previous to passing the concretion over to the personero or prosecuting attorney of the province of Buenaventura.

If it shall seem to the personero that the case is made up, he will demand, in No. 15, an interview at a proper time between the judge, the accused, his defender, six jurors and himself, in which these documents will all be read, and the case argued. We may then hope that No. 16 will contain the vote of a majority of the jury, and No. 17 the sentence of the judge.

Such is the outline of the French, Spanish and Granadian process, as it seems to me. It is much more dangerous to men of bad character than our blessed Yankee system, which yields a more perfect protection to the criminal than any other ever invented. I tried to describe our process to my Granadian friend, but I fear he did not believe all I said.

"In the first place to catch the accused."

"But if you cannot catch him, what then?"

"Why, of course, then we do not try him."

"Why not?"

"He might not have a fair trial if he were not present."

"Well, give him fair notice, then, and if he thinks it better to be present, let him come. Do you never catch men that you find you have no occasion for? And would it not have been better if they had been tried before sending off to a distance to bring them home, if they did not want to come?"

"That may be; but it is contrary to our theory (founded on an old law book, I believe, called Madre Vidrio—Mother Glass); the man must be first caught and then tried. Next after catching him is to bail him."

"But suppose he has stolen $100,000?"

"Then we demand security in the sum of $40,000 or less. Excessive bail is unconstitutional; and a bail of as great an amount as he has stolen would be more than he could get, therefore it would be excessive."

"But if he gives his bail $40,000 of the stolen money, and then runs away?"

"Then the bail moves heaven and earth to have the security reduced to $5,000, which he pays into the treasury, and gains $35,000 by the operation."

"And the man who was robbed?"

"Why, he revenges himself by having the thief arrested again, if he can catch him."

"If?"

"But, generally, he will not run away. The danger of conviction is not so great as to justify it; for twelve men must be unanimous in his conviction, and they must walk together without stumbling over a path bristling with law points planted by skillful counsel. Acquitting men has been reduced with us to a science. A man can make but fair wages at getting others condemned, but he may even get $10,000 at a single job for getting a man clear."

"Caramba!"

"A celebrated advocate, Henry Clay, is said never once in his life to have failed in 'clearing his man, even when charged with murder. Consider what a fool a man would be in spending $40,000 in bail, and risk being caught again, when he could retain Henry Clay for one-quarter of that sum, and, after being acquitted, live respectably among his old neighbors, and die happy in the house where he was born."

"Verdad!"

"But the Boston people have carried the matter farthest. Once Boston had a bad name for hard usage of criminals. People of other States were horrified by the hanging of a man of good family for a murder, when they could see beautiful chances of getting him clear that were idly suffered to pass. Since then they have made their jurors judges of law as well as of fact, and the consequence is that their juries hang on the slightest cause."

"Hang the accused?"

"No, indeed. They are unable to agree, and are discharged. A new trial is ordered. Not a word of the old trial will answer. All the witnesses must be heard again, and if a material one should die, or happen to become an engineer on a Russian railroad, the trial must go on without him, and the accused be acquitted."

"Well, your Union must be a paradise for malefactors. I no longer wonder at the desperadoes that keep our Isthmus in a perpetual terror."

"Yes; but I have not told you all. The denouncer is sometimes called on to give bail as well as the denounced. For instance, a mate of a ship maltreats a sailor. Jack complains, and is locked up as a witness. The mate gives bail. The hot season comes on—hotter than in Tocalma. For fifteen long hours in a day the sun beats on the prison where the witness is shut up, but the mate is not ready for trial. He is drinking ice-water, and at some genteel employment on shore. After the trial, the witness, who has been shut up six months, is set at large, and the criminal is condemned to be shut up in a better cell six weeks."

"Vaya! you are joking."

"Not at all. I had my overcoat stolen, and in a moment of consummate folly I told the police. Fortunately, the thief never was discovered. Had he been caught, the time I should have been compelled to spend hanging about a court-room would have been worth to me more than two overcoats."

I cannot give the rest of our conversation. I own that I utterly failed to make the priest understand the superiority of our system to theirs—such is prejudice. The most degraded of our population at home can see it at once.

☞ "Conscience!" said Mrs. Hopkins, indignantly; "do you suppose that nobody has got any conscience but yourself? My conscience is as good as yours—aye, and better, too, for it has never been *used* in the course of my life, while yours must be nearly worn out!"

☞ Money in your purse will credit you—wisdom in your head will adorn you—but both in your necessity will serve you.

☞ Can you say "boots without spurs" three times in succession? Boots, boots, boots.

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AN OFFICER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC SURVEYING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

"How we Visited Fou-chow-fou."

In my last letter I showed how it was that we arrived near the great city of Fou-chow-fou, China, in the "old John," and now I propose to show in this, how it was that we visited it.

After anchoring near the pagoda, and getting everything snug about the decks, we were thinking of turning in for a good night's rest, when a boat was suddenly observed pulling towards us, and a moment later she ranged up alongside of us—she proved to contain the fat and unwieldy form of the captain of the American barque Hungarian, who being then almost alone in the river awaiting a full cargo of tea, hailed the arrival of a new sail as a very great event. He shook hands with us all very warmly, and told us that if we wanted to go up to the city, we must get up before daylight to take advantage of the flood-tide; so after treating him to a hot whiskey punch, a plate of lobster salad and a cigar in return for his information, we saw him politely into his boat, ordered the pilot to have two sampans in waiting by an hour before daylight, and then returned quietly to our bunks.

At 2 A. M., we were called by the quartermaster, and at 3.30 A. M., we were seated around the captain's table, on which smoked quite a tempting breakfast, considering that we were just from sea—there were soft boiled eggs, fried ham and eggs, broiled chicken, and good coffee; so when we got into our sampans at 4 o'clock, with lit cigars in our mouths, it was after having made a most hearty breakfast.

We found two sampans just large enough to stow our party of six, three in each, and the cool morning air caused us to shiver and button our pea-coats closely around us. Singular things are those sampans. Shaped like an egg that has been cut in half, they have a bamboo canopy raised over their centres, under which is a bench running from gunwale to gunwale for the passengers to sit upon, and they are propelled by only two men: one of whom works a scull in the stern, while the other pulls an oar in the bow. They are very light, and will travel at an average speed of three miles the hour.

It wanted yet an hour or more of daylight, as the driving flood-tide swept us rapidly by the towering pagoda of Ta-sing-tau, and shortly after this the awakening reveille of an English opium smuggler reached our ears, just as the eastern sky was changing from its brownish gray to the rosy hue of dawn. At half-past five it was broad daylight, and the whole sky of one uniform rosy tint. Even the zenith was of this color, and the contrast between the brilliant heavens and the deep blue of the distant mountains, was magnificent. I never before saw the outlines of mountains so perfectly defined. They lifted themselves in their stately grandeur far above the nearer hills, while these in turn towered over the undulating country that joined the low rice lands along the river banks. Nor was it in one direction alone that this view met the eye; the panorama was perfect. We had ascended the winding river sufficiently high to place high mountains even between us and the sea—and now the smooth surface of the river, unbroken by either isle or rock, and slightly rippled by the morning breeze, presented the appearance of a small lake rather than of a section of a running stream; for we had just passed one of its numerous turns, and another some mile or more ahead, confined our view to that part of the river contained between them; hence its similarity to a lake.

As we passed through this river lake and entered another, the bosom of the water was no longer unbroken. Uncouth-looking boats, with noisy boatmen and flapping sails, were sprinkled plentifully over its saffron colored breast, while schools of fish leaped bodily into the air, and made the water foam again as they descended into it. It was anything but pleasant to pass near those uncouth-looking boats; they looked horribly dirty, and when we unfortunately passed *to leeward* of them, the pure morning air was absolutely contaminated by having blown over them. Oh! for the laboratory of an aerial chemist to analyze that "Chinese smell"—that smell of smells.

As I have already remarked, the land immediately on the banks of the river is devoted to the culture of rice. Then come the undulating country and hills, which were literally covered with the vine of the sweet potato; and lastly the mountains with their alternate green and bare patches, reminding one of a well-worn hair trunk: one of those antiquated old customers, I mean, that are sometimes found in dusty garrets, with the hair worn off in various spots, and hole general condition is one of extreme dilapidation.

I said that the mountain and hill-sides were covered with the potato vine, and such was really the case. No impoverishing gully there took its zig-zag, downward course; the peculiar manner in which said mountain and hill-sides were cultivated, rendering the existence of such torrents entirely out of the question.

Take a flight of steps six hundred feet high, each step being twenty feet broad, and six feet above the lower one, and ranging from fifty to a hundred yards in length. Now manure well all of those plains, and you thus have a fertile patch of considerable length upon every step. Now imagine *the whole side of a mountain* dug away, smoothed off, manured, got up in that style, and you have a very fair idea of the mode of cultivation, i. e., of their manner of turning even the mountain slopes into arable land. The population of China is too dense to admit of even the mountain sides lying idle. Of course this kind of cultivation can only pay where land is scarce, and labor abundant and cheap, for the difficulty of turning a bare, sometimes rocky, mountain, into one of these highly cultivated staircases, is anything but small. It is a most singular sight, to see thousands of hillside acres thus converted into *level tracts*, and rising before the eye like the retreating steps of a vast amphitheatre.

As we thus pulled up the river in our sampans, first on one side and then on the other, we passed village after village, some of which were inhabited by Chinese, and others by their Tartar masters. These latter, though evidently the superior and more hardy race of the two, are gradually falling to the level of the masses, and must shortly resign the features as well as the iron hardihood of the wandering race from which they sprang. Like the Goths and Vandals, they conquered nations only to be conquered in turn by the unknown luxuries by which they found themselves surrounded.

It was pleasant to pass rapidly by their half-hidden villages, from which the early smoke arose in a hundred columns, and to see their awakening inhabitants entering upon the duties of another day; and we should more than once have liked to have stopped to admire some ruined temple or other object of interest, but our fat friend of the Hungarian had warned us against venturing on shore along the river's bank, as many of the villages were populated by ignorant fanatics, who would be certain to insult us, and probably even do us violence.

Shortly after sunrise we passed a most picturesque-looking spot on the left bank of the river. It seemed as if the hills at that particular place had refused to stop at their usual boundary of low land along the river, and determined to push out into the very stream. A single cone there raised its rugged crest some fifty feet above the water, and was connected by a long and broken ridge with those farther back. Its sides and summit supported a dense growth of the distorted dwarf pine, and any number of curious and shady looking caves and ravines flourished under their protecting shade. A diminutive and very ancient looking pagoda, as well as the remains of a massive-looking temple that might once have been devoted to the worship of Josh or Vishnu, also lifted themselves before the eye, and seemed to promise a pleasant stroll to the antiquarian or the idler. Taken altogether, it was a pleasant hillside for the eye to linger upon, so pleasant to *me* as to render it unpleasant, for while looking upon it with wandering thoughts, I lost the light of my half smoked cigar.

We saw any number of aquatic birds during this our matinal excursion; blue and white cranes, ducks, geese, and here and there a flock of plump looking snipe that made us long for our guns.

Shortly after passing our "ruined temple," we came to a turn in the river which brought into full view the famous granite bridge of Fou-chow-fou. And such a bridge as it was; one oblong mass of solid granite, it looked like, with square holes cut at regular intervals to permit the passage of the four knot tide, and with booths and shops of every description lining one of its sides; it was wide enough, and strong enough, to admit of these small houses being built all the way across it, and then leave quite a wide passage for sedan chairs and foot passengers. It is a vast structure, a solid collection of immense columns of stone, the very weight of which adds to its strength and durability. It has never, to my knowledge, been described by the Western traveller, and may consequently be worthy of a passing notice here. Upon turning to my journal I find the following in regard to it:—

"The river at this point is nearly two thousand feet wide, and a circular island of four hundred feet diameter exists near its left bank, thus dividing its waters into two separate channels. In the first place there is a 'short bridge' joining this island to the left bank, then comes the 'long bridge' connecting it with the right bank. There are also three cities: one at each end of the combined bridge, and the third on the island. The city on the left bank contains a population of about two hundred thousand, twenty-three of whom were foreigners and the rest Chinese. The island city has a population of near twenty thousand, eleven only of whom are foreigners. The main city, on the right bank, has a population of near a million, none of whom are foreigners; these latter being required by law to confine their residences to the island and a limited space on the left bank. The straight street through the centre of the island joins the two bridges, and causes them generally to be regarded as a single bridge.

"This stupendous work of past ages is supported by fifty-two huge granite piers, situated from thirty to thirty-five feet apart, and extending from bank to bank of the swiftly running river. On these piers are laid vast shafts of granite, each one of which is about forty feet long, and three or four feet square, while solid walls of masonry act the part of balustrades.—These shafts being put close together, and having their crevices filled with broken stone and earth, form a most solid and durable pathway, over the boiling waters that ebb and flow regularly under your feet. Four of these beams of granite thus laid alongside of each other, give a smooth hard pathway of from thirteen to fourteen feet width only, and even a portion of that limited space is taken up, as I have already remarked, by shops of various kinds.

"Booths of small dealers in every article under that Eastern sun, are there found. *The road* consequently is not more than eight feet wide, and over that road passes and repasses the immense population that breathes around it. One can easily imagine the noise, the crowd, the elbowing, the stoppages of sedan chairs, the curses of the chair coolies, and the general scene of confusion that prevails there from early dawn well into the night. It was awful to us, as we subsequently passed over it in our chairs.

"The crowd, with the intense heat of the weather unbroken by a single breath of air, was bad enough; but then in addition, we had also that greatest of drawbacks 'The Chinese smell.' Oh what a smell that is! Brimstone is absolutely a relief from it. One almost fancies that he tastes it in his rice and currie."

So much for this bridge of bridges, which is certainly one of the most stupendous things of the kind of which the world can boast. As we pulled through one of its massive passages (not arches) we heard the moving feet and the hum of the voices of thousands over our heads; and as we shot again into the open river we saw an interesting sight, a sight of which we had often heard, but which none of us had ever before witnessed. What this interesting sight was, will be shown in my next letter.

☞ If you want to rejoice the internal soul of a newspaper reporter, tell him that six women and seven children have just been torn asunder limb from limb, in a house around the next corner; that blood is gushing from all the windows and doors; that a steamboat has just "burst," killing all on board; that the Rev. Dr. Exegesis has just cut his own throat; and that an awful and impenetrable mystery surrounds everything.

☞ No man, however he may repudiate theory, engages in any work without first having the theory of it established in his mind.

NELLIE McDUNN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

In a lone quiet meadow, where first in the spring
The violets opened their eyes to the sun,
As pure and as wild as a bird on the wing,
And as free from all sorrow, lived Nellie McDunn.

Oh, she was as pretty as maiden could be,
Her cheeks were as blushing as roses in June,
Her eyes were as blue as the still summer sea,
And her voice like a lover's lute under the moon

I loved her too well, and one day from the skies
Came the Angel of Death on his mission of woe,
He laid his cold lips for a time on her eyes,
And left her as lifeless and white as the snow.

* * * * * *

Oh, light winds of spring for a moment be still,
When you come to the grave of my beautiful one,
And stoop not to play with the flowers, until
You've offered a prayer for sweet Nellie McDunn.

For the timid young bird that has died in the nest,
For the delicate blossom that faded too soon,
For the heart that went lonely and cold to its rest,
That was true to my own as the tides to the moon.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

A large proportion of the dresses prepared at the present festive season consists, as usual, of those suited for ball and full evening costume.—Many have already been completed, and among the most tasteful may be mentioned several of white and colored tarlatane. A dress of white tarlatane has been made with five flounces, edged with floss silk fringe. Up the front there is a trimming in the *tablier* style, consisting of bows of white watered ribbon. The corsage (which is formed of bouillonnes of tulle) and the sleeves, are trimmed with bows of ribbon. A wreath of daisies and other wild flowers, intermingled with foliage, is worn in the hair, and a bouquet of the same flowers ornament the front of the corsage. Pink, blue and amber are the favorite hues for dresses of colored tarlatane. A dress of amber-color tarlatane has been trimmed with two double flounces, above which, at intervals, are placed bows of black velvet. The corsage and sleeves are ornamented with loops and ends of black velvet. The head-dress consists of bows of black velvet placed on one side, and sprays of scarlet and black velvet on the other. A dress of pink tarlatane has one deep flounce, which falls over the lower part of the skirt, and a tunic covering the upper part. The tunic is cut or pinked out at the edge in deep vandykes, and trimmed with a ruche. Between the vandykes, that is to say, at each of the upper angles formed by them, is fixed a bow with short ends of pink watered ribbon. The flounce is finished at the edge merely by a hem. The corsage has a double berthe. The *coiffure* to be worn with this dress consists of roses and ivy. A novel and effective style of trimming has been employed for a blue tarlatane dress. It is trimmed with three flounces, each edged with a wreath of lilac formed of white satin *application*. The corsage has a berthe composed of narrow frills, edged with trimming similar to that on the flounces. A bouquet of white lilac worn in the hair completes the costume.

The Opera cloaks of the present season are extremely tasteful and elegant. Some are richly embroidered at the edge, while others are ornamented with bands of fancy trimming, braid, plush, &c. Several of these Opera cloaks have just been received from Paris, and among them is one composed of white cashmere, trimmed with rows of scarlet braid. Another, also of white cashmere, is of the shawl form, and is trimmed with a broad band of blue plush, spotted with white. This cloak has a hood trimmed with blue plush, and finished by two tassels. The same colors which were adopted last year for Opera cloaks are fashionable now. Scarlet is more general than it was heretofore.

Many elegant novelties in articles of lace and worked muslin have appeared within the last week. Some very pretty caps, adapted for in door neglige or morning costume, are composed of lace, or of worked muslin, in a variety of rich patterns. They are trimmed with ribbon of some bright color, and frequently black or colored velvet is intermingled with the ribbon. Some of the new fichus and jackets are entirely black, being composed of black tulle nearly covered with narrow rows of black velvet, and bows and ends of the same. Occasionally a light trimming of jet is intermingled with the velvet or other trimming. A variety of new pocket-handkerchiefs, suitable for every style of costume, has appeared. Those for ball or full evening dress, are profusely ornamented with lace; and those intended for *demi-toilette* and dinner dress, may be less profusely trimmed with lace, but, in that case, they should be richly ornamented with needlework. For morning neglige and promenade costume, handkerchiefs of a much plainer style are generally selected; such, for instance, as those ornamented with an open-work edge, or with rows of hem-stitch. Handkerchiefs with colored borders are also much worn in morning costume.—*Lady's London Newspaper of Jan. 3rd.*

PRACTICAL JOKING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Castle, or Chastel d'Hesdin, was a favorite resort of Philip of Burgundy, and a place of rest to which he retired to amuse himself at his leisure. It contrasted strangely with the pleasure palace of Louis the Eleventh near Tours, where the grounds were known to bristle with various deadly instruments intended to maim trespassers. Hesdin was as full of pitfalls and trap-doors as a modern theatre; but they only served to perpetrate the coarse though harmless jokes, in which the fun of the Middle Ages consisted. They seem, indeed, to have only suited the robust and healthy constitutions of the people of those days. A few examples, taken from the records of the Castle, may not be uninteresting. A stranger issuing, for instance, from a gallery into a neighboring passage, was startled by the sudden apparition of a wooden figure spouting water. A wetting and a fright were the necessary consequences. But when the joke was carried further, as set of brushes were put in motion, and the patient emerged with a white or black face, as the case might be. Another still more powerful engine was one which seized a man and thrashed him soundly. In the centre of the great gallery was a trap, and near it the figure of a hermit who prophesied. Ladies were his most frequent victims. They no sooner felt an interest in the telling of their fortunes than the ceiling opened and poured forth rain; thunder-claps followed in quick succession, preceded by appropriate lightning; and as the air grew colder, snow fell.

Taking refuge from the storm, the patient entered a dangerous shelter above a pit-fall leading into a sack of feathers, from which escape at last was permitted. The castle of Hesdin was full of tricks of this description. Besides the pitfall just described, there was in the great gallery a bridge which dropped saunterers into the water. In various places there were engines which spouted water when they were touched. Six figures stood in the hall spouting water, and wetting people in various ways. At the entrance of a gallery were eight water jets rushing upwards, which wetted people passing, and three small pipes were so fixed close by as to cover them with flour. If the panic-stricken victims rushed up to the window and opened it, up came a figure, wetting them, and closing the frame. If a splendid missal on a desk caught a curious eye, the person who went to it was either covered with soot or dirt. A mirror close at hand betrayed the trick; but whilst the victim wondered at the blackness of his face, out rushed a flour-dredger that made him white. The most elaborate of all these tricks was one combining almost every species of deception. A figure of a man was made to start in the great gallery, frightening people by talking or crying. At the noise, the loungers in other rooms rushed in, upon which a number of figures, armed with sticks, came forth, driving every one pell mell to the bridge, when they fell, of course, into the water.—*The Early Flemish Painters.*

NEWS ITEMS.

An Ancient Horse.—A horse died in Barre, Mass., last week, at the advanced age of 43 years and 8 months.

The Cost of it.—The cost of breaking out the roads obstructed by the last snow storm in Massachusetts was $150,000. In Boston alone the expense will be $50,000.

The Toledo (Ohio) Times says they are sinking a well in that city which will be 2,500 feet deep. It will be the deepest well in the world.

Progress in Kansas.—The sum of $30,000 has been subscribed to the first railroad in Kansas from Quindera to Lawrence.

The Dayton (Ohio) Gazette, relating the freezing to death of 125 hogs at a railroad depot in that city on the night of the 18th inst., describes their features as "being stiffened in the last expression of suffering, in which the frosty king of terrors had seized them."

Bare Feet in Winter.—The Auburn (N. Y.,) Advertiser says that John Ford of that town, has gone barefooted for the two last winters. In summer he wears shoes; but nothing can induce him to wear them in winter.

New Haven Bay is probably frozen out further than it has been for a number of years, and the heaviest teams can now go down upon the ice below the Lighthouse, which is five miles distant from Long Wharf.

Seneca Lake has frozen over for the first time within three generations. The steamboat could not reach her wharf at Geneva last week, on Wednesday, and landed at Mill Point.

The recent great snow storm extended as far south as Selma, Alabama.

The British mail steamer Thames, arrived at Aspinwall from Greytown, reports that General Walker, with a force of 500 men, was surrounded by his enemies—the Costa Ricans—who had offered him terms of capitulation, which it was thought that he would probably accept.

Editing a Paper Out West.—The editor of a paper published at Lake Superior, after having been without a mail three weeks, says: Should the mail not arrive this week, we shall make our regular issue next Tuesday; for this number was made up from an old magazine and a religious almanac of last year; and so long as this material holds out, we shall be independent of the mails.

Severity of the Winter on the Plains.—The bearer of the Salt Lake Mail, who arrived at Independence, Mo., on the 8th inst., reports unusually severe weather on the Plains—the snow (probably in the gorges) averaging twenty-two feet in depth.

Cold Weather at Athens, Ga.—The Southern Watchman chronicles the fall of nine or ten inches of snow in the vicinity of Athens last Saturday and Sunday. On Monday the mercury stood at three degrees blow zero! River frozen over—sleighing and skating the order of the day.

Iowa Usury Laws.—The Davenport (Iowa) Gazette says that a bill to repeal the usury laws of that State has been introduced into the Legislature, with a strong probability of passing.

Judge Russel, of New York, is dealing summarily with the "garrotters." On Friday he sentenced one to the State Prison for life, and the other to 12 years' imprisonment.

A meeting of Scotchmen and descendants of Scotchmen, was held at Montreal on Monday, for the purpose of raising contributions in aid of the monument proposed to be erected in Scotland in memory of Sir William Wallace.

A turkey that was lost in a snow storm at Racine, Wisconsin, was found under a snow bank, after twenty-seven days, alive, but bony, with its tail feathers frozen to the ground.

Breckenridge Coal.—A year ago an exchange said, "a pile of Breckenridge coal as large as a whale contains more oil than a whale." This statement was ridiculed. It is now proved to be true.

It is stated that there was a train of fifteen cars at Amsterdam, about thirty miles west of Albany, on Tuesday week, which had been there nearly a week. They were loaded with hogs, and the poor brutes were so famished that they were devouring one another.

The Washington papers give a sad account of the state of morals in that city of Solons. The Intelligencer says of the last President's Levee—or rather the President's last Levee—that it was the most successful one held for years, everything passing off well, especially the hats and shawls in the ante-room.

The St. Paul Times (Minnesota) says that firewood is selling in that city for nine dollars a cord. The report recently set afloat by various newspapers in the Territory that the surveys of lands were to be discontinued for two or three years, is contradicted in a letter from the Commissioner of the General Land Office to Hon. H. M. Rice, the Congressional Delegate.

In a town in Orange county, New York, are living a man and his wife who have not spoken together for eight years. They sleep in one bed, take their meals at the same table, and show not the slightest anger towards each other. The only reason for their obstinate silence is that each is too proud to speak first.

A man has declined being a candidate for office in one of the new States, because he is not a legal citizen—has never paid a tax or any other debt—owns no property—can't read nor write—is blind—has but one leg—has lost four fingers from his left hand—has ten children, and can't leave home for fear they will abuse their mother. He can step down.

Pretty Severe.—A London magistrate, recently fined a respectable woman £10, and in default of payment sent her to jail for three months, because she gave a good character to a dishonest domestic.

Heavy Damages for Slander.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Stark county, Ohio, a verdict of $25,000 was obtained by E. Reynolds against W. H. Greer, for slander, in falsely asserting that the plaintiff, a merchant of Waynesburg, had failed and made an assignment.

A German Paper asserts that prussic acid only causes the suspension of life at first, and that one who takes it can be restored to animation by pouring the acetate of potash and salt dissolved in water, on the head and spine. This treatment has been successfully tried.

On Monday, a lady stopped at the Madison House, Covington, Ky., with her husband and thirty two children. She was about sixty years of age, but looked young and hearty. She was the mother of them all. If this can be beat, we are desirous of receiving the information.

The Irasburg, Vt., Standard chronicles the third trial in a case of trespass, verdict $10 and cost. The case has been in court more than three years, and the cost will be no less than $1,200.

Heavy Snow in England.—A snow storm of unusual severity commenced in England, on Christmas night, which, in Yorkshire, drifted the snow to the depth of from nine to twelve feet, burying several large flocks of sheep, many of which were dog out dead.

Returned to Slavery.—The Hartford, Conn., Times, gives an account of Caro ine Banks and her children, and Mary Francis, slaves lately liberated by their mistress, Mrs. Sarah Branch, of Chesterfield, Va., who have voluntarily returned to bondage, after trying to support themselves in Boston as free people. They declared that they had toiled constantly, and could scarcely gain a subsistence, and wanted a master to protect them.

Cooley Wicked.—When Palmer, the poisoner, found Lord Campbell was summing up for death, he tossed a note down to his solicitor, John Smith, pencilled inside as follows:—"I wish I could put 2½ grains of strychnia into old Campbell's acidulated water, for summing up so unfairly against me." He had originally written it 1½ grains; but on second thought, it struck him that the baleet of septuagenarians would require more to kill him, and he, accordingly, changed "1" into a "2," and added an "s."

A lad taking a bunch of $800 in bills across Wall street, New York, on Monday, fell on the ice, and the wind gave an extensive circulation to the valuable paper; in fact only $80 was secured.

Death from Eating Poisoned Confectionary.—The Natick Observer says: "A child of Mr. L. P. Spooner of this village, aged one year and six months, died on Thursday morning last, from eating red 'popped corn ball.' Its death was attended by all the symptoms of poison—soon after eating it being seized with vomiting. This sad calamity should be a timely warning to parents to guard themselves from a like affliction."

Serving Another Purpose.—The Cincinnati Enquirer says that the Democrats of that city are about to cut down their hickory poles, erected during the late Presidential campaign, and distribute them among the poor of that city for fuel.

The number of failures in the United States in 1856, was 2,705. The average of liabilities is estimated at $20,000, which would give an aggregate of $54,100,000. The probability is, creditors have received about 25 per cent. of their claims, leaving a clear loss of near $40,000,000. The great majority of failures occur in the dry goods trade, owing to the fact that this business is transacted almost wholly on credit.

Good News from Ireland.—A late number of the London Times says: "The time honored phrase of 'poor old Ireland' may be considered as representing something which has now ceased to exist. On this 1st of January, at the commencement of a new year, we may venture to predict that 'rich young Ireland' will soon become the most appropriate denomination. On all sides we hear of increasing agriculture, decreasing poor rents, cessation of political agitation, good feeling between landlord and tenant, and other unmistakable evidence of rising prosperity.

A Sister's Devotedness.—An affecting incident is related by a Donegal, (Ireland) paper. A young boy and his sister, returning homeward, had to cross a mountain. The night was dark and stormy, and they lost their way. Next morning both were found dead from exposure. The boy and girl lay side by side—the latter with her arm around her brother's neck, and her flannel petticoat removed from her own person, was wrapped round his feet. Thus did the affectionate creature, perhaps, sacrifice her own life in a vain effort to sustain that of her young brother.

Mrs. Harrison, residing near Brimfield, some two or three weeks since, had a butcher knife fall from a slight elevation, striking her between the fingers, and bruising a nerve. A paralysis of the arm followed, a common occurrence, and but little attention was paid to the matter. Some days since the wound exhibited symptoms of an alarming character, and finally lock jaw set in, and, despite all medical aid, resulted in death.

Such is Life.—M'lle Rachel, who, twenty years ago, was a seller of *bon bons* and a singer of ballads in the streets and cafes of Paris, has just had a large barge built at Marseilles, in the style of the ancient barge of Cleopatra, at a cost of $20,000; which is to be taken to Egypt and placed on the Nile, wherein the little Hebrew damsel may luxuriate among the crocodiles of that famed river. Such are the mutations of fortune. The Arabian Night Tales are not more fabulous than the history of this whilom *bon-bon* artiste.

Heavy Tax.—The Augusta and Savannah (Georgia) Railroad Company, last year, paid ten hundred and twenty-five dollars for stock killed on the line of their road.

The Cold in Canada.—A cabman was found frozen to death in his cab, opposite the Donegana House, in Montreal, Canada, a few days since, and a switchman on the Grand Trunk Railway perished from the same cause at Richmond.

Distressing Casualty.—On Sunday, 18th ult., Dr. Cox, of Chesterfield County, Va., went into a wagon to visit a patient, and had nearly reached his destination, when the heavy snow stopped the progress of his vehicle. The Doctor started on foot, leaving a Mr. Taylor in the wagon, who was found next morning badly frozen, and it was necessary to amputate his arms at the elbow.—The body of the Doctor was found near the vehicle, frozen stiff and dead.

Wild Beasts in North Carolina.—The Newbern (N. C.) Journal says that within ten or twelve miles of that city, on the north side of Neuse, bears, catamounts and wild cats exist in such number, that it is almost impossible to raise hogs or sheep.

The House Committee on the Judiciary have resolved upon the impeachment of Judge Watrous, of Texas, for high crimes and misdemeanors. This is the first impeachment of a Federal Judge in the last 27 years. The Committee will make a report at the first opportunity.

Queen Victoria's accouchement is expected to take place in March.

Redpath, the ex-Secretary of the Northern English Railway Company, who swindled his employers out of a million of dollars, had been convicted by the jury after an absence of five minutes. His alleged accomplice, Kent, was acquitted. Redpath was sentenced to transportation for life.

Mr. Slough, a Democratic member of the Ohio House, was expelled on January 29th for an assault on Mr. Caldwell. Ayes 70, nays 35—a strict party vote.

A revolutionary movement in Mexico had occurred near Tampico, but the Government troops were victorious.

The English news states that one hundred and fifty vessels were driven ashore, and eighty totally wrecked, and many others damaged during the late frightful gale, on the coasts of the United Kingdom, involving a large loss of life.

Augusta, Georgia, Feb. 1.—The up-train on the Georgia Railroad met with a frightful accident this morning, about 17 miles from this city. About 40 passengers were injured. Gov. Johnson, of Tennessee, had his arm broken, and two ladies were seriously injured.

Mr. Giddings, by the advice of his physician, has left Washington and gone home. He requires rest and perfect exemption from excitement.

Mysteries of New York.—It will be recollected that some time ago a young gentleman of fortune, who had attended a fashionable party in the upper part of New York, was announced as not having returned to his home after the visit alluded to; and subsequently a large reward was offered in several newspapers for information concerning him. After the lapse of many weeks, his body was recovered from the water, on the Jersey coast, whither it had undoubtedly floated from one of the New York docks. A few days since we noticed that a young man named De Forrest, who had just attained his majority and come into the possession of a large estate, is suddenly and mysteriously missing. On the day of his disappearance he was known to have drawn from the American Exchange Bank of New York a large sum of money, after the receipt of which he stated to a friend his intention to visit a friend in Brooklyn. He has never been seen since by any one acquainted with him. A writer in the New York *Times* says, three or four days ago, Mr. Curtis, of No. 57 Maiden Lane, a relative of De Forrest, received a note dated and postmarked Brooklyn, with only an asterisk as a signature, alleging that the young man was knocked down and robbed in Brooklyn, and his body thrown into the East River, where it would probably be recovered on the subsiding of the ice.

The Coldest Day.—The severity of the present winter has not been exceeded since 1835, and from the record before us, it would seem that the temperature on Saturday, the 24th of January, throughout the Northern and Middle States, was even colder than on any day of that memorable year. In the Southern States, the temperature at that time was lower than it has been during this season. The following table shows the state of the thermometer on the 24th, at those points from which we have received information by telegraph or otherwise:

Halifax, N S.	zero	Salem, Mass.	24 bel.
St Johns, N B.	26 bel.	Worcester, do.	24 "
Sackville, N B.	22 "	Montreal, Canada,	35 "
Fredericton, N B,	30 "	Providence, R I,	28 "
Calais, Me.	30 "	New Haven, Conn,	27 "
Bangor, Me.	44 "	Hartford, do.	32 "
Portland, Me,	25 "	Troy, N Y,	26 "
Manchester, N H,	30 "	Albany, N Y,	27 "
Dover, N H,	31 "	New York,	8 "
Woodstock, Vt,	43 "	Philadelphia,	5 "
Montpelier, Vt,	50 "	Washington,	8 "
Boston, Mass,	11 "	Baltimore,	8 "
E Cambridge, do,	23 "	Alexandria, Va,	8 "
Malden, do.	31 "	Charleston, S C,	12 abv.
Lawrence, do.	30 "	Tallahassee, Fla,	10 "
Springfield, do.	32 "		

The Investigating Committee.—*Some of the Evidence.*—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Times, thus refers to his testimony before the Investigating Committee of the House of Representatives:

"I swear positively that I had no legal knowledge of a criminal act or bargain, although I cheerfully designated witnesses who could and *did* testify positively to such acts. For example, I gave the committee the name of a witness who desired the passage of a bill last winter, authorizing the purchase of a book of which he was the proprietor, and who was obliged to agree to pay fifteen thousand dollars as the condition of its passage. I gave them also the name of a witness who knew of this transaction—who was privy to the arrangement, and who knew what members of Congress were to receive a portion of the sum thus stipulated to be paid. I put them also in the way of obtaining possession of the *written* order of the book upon the Clerk of the House, directing him to pay the sum of $15,000 to the person who it was agreed should receive it for distribution. This evidence is now in possession of the Committee."

Mysterious Murder.—Mr. Harvey Burdell, an eminent dentist of New York, was found dead in his office on Saturday morning last. He had been choked, and had moreover 15 stabs in his neck and breast. He was a fine looking man, well off as to means, about 45 years of age. A Mrs. Cunningham, his housekeeper, claims to have been married to him on the 28th of October last. There had been disagreements between them. While still a boarder in the house, as we understand the testimony, a year ago last Thanksgiving, she suffered a miscarriage, stating to the servants in the house, who assisted her on the occasion, that the paternity of the child belonged to Dr. Burdell. At the time of the murder the inmates of the house were this lady, who occupied the room over that in which the Doctor was found dead, a Mr. John J. Eckel, who occupied the hall room on the same floor, two grown up daughters of Mrs. Cunningham, who occupied the front room, a young Mr. Snodgrass, understood to be engaged to one of the daughters, who occupied a room in the attic, and a cook. A second servant girl had left on the Tuesday previous, and her place seems to have remained unsupplied. Mrs. Cunningham was fully identified, by testimony, as the female party to the marriage celebrated by the clergyman who signed the certificate. The identification of Dr. Burdell as having been the male party was not so complete.—The Mr. Eckel above mentioned as an inmate of the house, would seem to have become so about the time of the first misunderstanding between Dr. Burdell and Mrs. Cunningham. He appears from the evidence to have been an object of jealousy on the part of Dr. Burdell. Mr. Snodgrass appears to have been an inmate in the house for some two months past.

Nothing positive has yet been elicited with regard to the murder. A dirk was found in Dr. Burdell's room, which is said to belong to Mr. Eckel, one of the boarders in the house. Mr. Eckel and Mr. Snodgrass, as well as Mrs. Cunningham are in custody, awaiting the result of the investigation by the coroner.

The finding of a dagger said to have marks of blood on it, and of a loaded revolver in one of Mrs. Cunningham's bureau drawers are facts which carry a certain degree of suspicion with them.

Good Nerves.—In the most exposed situation of a central street of Sevastopol, I found a French *cafe*. I entered, called for the landlord, and expected to see a moustached, hard-featured "vieux Francais." What was my astonishment when a curtain at one side of the stable was drawn, and a pretty, lively French girl of two or three and twenty appeared. We sat down, and she commenced making coffee. Presently a round shot came whizzing along, and fell near the courtyard. Away went Mahomet outside, and I could not induce him to enter again. He did not appear inclined to fling away a single chance, and when his share of the coffee was prepared, he took it "al fresco." "Is it not rather uncomfortable living here?" said the English officer, who was with me to our fair hostess. "No," she replied, "I am pretty well accustomed to it."—"Well, but don't you think there's a good deal of danger?" he continued. "Not much; and if there was I shouldn't mind it; one *must* live, and it pays me keeping this *cafe*." "Do you never have shots through the roof?" I said. "I think we had three altogether last week, but none the last three days." "What do you do in such cases or when they fall in the yard?"—"Why, if they are round shot, I take no notice of them; if shells, I run into the yard or *cafe*, and shut the door after me."—*Notes of an Officer at Sevastopol.*

Very Awkward.—Some of our readers may remember the curious account of a man who died suddenly in this city a while since, over whose face, as his body was exposed at the grave, a sudden shade and light passed so strangely, that the friends removed it back to the house, and kept up frictions all night trying to restore it to life. We learn since that some of the anxious friends of the deceased visited New York at the time, and tried to induce the physician who attended the dead man in his last illness to go up, and try his skill towards his restoration. Dr. S. listened awhile incredulously, but at last seemed to believe the story of his informant. "But," said he, "I hope that you won't be able to restore him—I really hope you won't." "Why?" asked his visitor in amazement. "Well," said the doctor, "I don't see how he would be able to get along—it would be awkward for him—for his liver and heart are in that jar on the shelf."—*Daily Times.*

☞ They make sandwiches in Australia by putting a piece of leather between two shingles. The price depends on the supply of old boots.

☞ The heart is a cup which is empty till it overflows. We have nothing to enjoy till we have something to impart. He only lives who is not a reservoir, but a fountain.

☞ A young man lately thought he had "a call" to act. Failing on the "stage" he descended to the "omnibus" line, but finding his talents unsuited even to this grade, he is now engaged in the *draymatic* profession.

WHOLESALE PRICE CURRENT of COUNTRY PRODUCE

REPORTED BY R. B. JONES, Jr.,
Exchange Hotel, 77 Dock Street.

Firkin Butter (common)	14 to 15c ℔ lb.
" " (good)	15 to 17c ℔ lb.
Eggs	20c ℔ dozen.
Shellbarks	$1,25 ℔ bushel.
Dry Apples, peeled	3c ℔ lb.
" Peaches, "	16c ℔ lb.
" " unpeeled	9c " "
" Cherries	$2 ℔ bushel.
Cloverseed	$7 to 7,25 ℔ bushel.
Timothy	2,75 to 3 " "
Flaxseed	1,70 " "
Tallow	12c " lb.
Lard	12c " "
Country Soap	7 to 8c " "
White Soap Beans	$2 ℔ bushel.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY B. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 109 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '82	110	—
" " '67	116½	—
" " '68	116½	—
" " '85	106½	—
Phila 6 pr ct	88½	89½
" " new	94½	95
" " 5 "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	90	95
Penn 5 pr ct	94	95
" " coupon	93	95
Allg'y city 6 pr ct	84	844
" " county "	84	88
Alle co P RR 6's	90	92
Penn		
" 5 "	83½	83½
" " coupon	90½	90
Penn 6 pr ct	95	96
" " coupon	96	96½
Kentucky 6 pr ct	101½	102½
Penn RR 6 pr ct	97	98
2d m'rt loan '82	88½	89
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	97	98
P G & N RR	90	94
Reading RR	81½	82
" " m'rt	83½	84
R & Lan RR	88	89
P & S RR 7	70	75
Cha Val RR	35	40
Penn RR	92	93
Phil Wil & Bal		
'60 RR 6 pr ct	83	84
Long I RR	69½	70
Sch Nav '82	66½	67
Lehigh Nav	91½	92
Mort	93	93½
C & D Cl	75	80
Sus & Tid '77	90	95½
Lehigh Canal	63	65½
Will'ms & Elmira		
1st mort 7 ℔ ct	70½	75½
2d " 7 "	63	65½
Catawissa "	54½	56
North Penna 6 pr ct	51½	52½
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	116	126½
Penna	48½	48½
Bus Mauch	56½	57
North Penna	15	15½
Phil Ger & Nor	65½	66
Reading	40½	41
" preferred	44½	50
Minehill	63½	63
Mor & Lan	28½	29
Chester Valley	5	6
Tioga	12	—
" preferred	20	—
P W & Balt	34½	35
Long Island	15½	15½
Will'sport & Elmira	10	20½
Catawissa	11½	12½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Shuyl Nav	16	16½
" preferred	25½	26½
Lehigh Nav	70½	71
Morris	18	19½
" preferred	97	98
C & Del	—	75
Union	12	12½
Sus & Tidewater	9½	10
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	134	135
Penna	111½	112
Philada	123	123½
Far & Mec	60½	65
Commercial	51	51½
N Liberty	59	62
Mechanics	29½	29½
Southwark	90	93
P Township	39½	40
Kensington	52	54
Girard	11½	11½
Western	99	—
Man & Mech	31	31½
Commerce	70	72
Tradesman's	67	—
City	90	95½
Consolidation	70	80½
Pittsburg	69	—
M & M Pitts	61	—
Ex'ge Pitts	60	—
Kentucky	107	—
Northern, Ky	112	—
Louisville, Ky	107½	110
Hagerstown, Md	—	107½
Union, Nash Tenn	75½	—
Plant's, Tenn	94	—
Com & R Vicksb	64	64
N O Gas Lt	125	128

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET, JAN. 29.

Beef Cattle sold to-day at an advance of 25c ℔ 100 lbs on the prices obtained on last market day. There were 450 head offered at the scales, 60 of which were sold to Washington butchers, 30 were left over unsold, and the balance (360 head) were taken up by the Baltimore butchers at prices ranging from $4 to 5,50 on the hoof, equal to $6a8, 75 net, and averaging $5 gross. The Cattle offered to-day were generally of good quality.

Sheep have improved slightly since our last. We now quote them at $4a5 ℔ 100 lbs. They are coming forward freely, but the demand for them is brisk.

Hogs—Live Hogs are still scarce and in demand. They are selling at $7a8 ℔ 100 lbs. The latter figure is an advance on the outside price named last week.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post,
February 7, 1857.

The continued inclemency of the weather and the impeded state of the navigation, operates unfavorably on business, and the markets generally have ruled dull this week. Bark is scarce, and held above the views of buyers. Flour and Meal have been very dull under the discouraging accounts by the Persia and Arabia, and prices are drooping. Coal comes forward slowly, and meets a limited inquiry. Cotton is in fair request at full rates. The stock of Coffee is quite light, and prices are firm. Of Molasses the market is entirely bare. Sugar is in good demand, and prices have again advanced. Very little doing in Fish or Fruit. Hemp and Hides are inactive.—There has been a good inquiry for Pig Iron, for future delivery, and prices are well maintained. Lead is in better request.—Naval Stores are quiet, and the Spirits of Turpentine prices are lower. Oils are in steady demand, and for Linseed prices are looking up. Provisions have been exceedingly quiet.—Rice is firm at the late advance. Seeds are in steady demand at improved prices. In Teas and Tobacco no change. Wool continues to advance. The Dry Goods trade has been more active, and all desirable styles of Cotton keep well sold up, and firm at the late advance. Woollens are also firm, and in good request at full rates; the Jobbers are not as yet doing much, but the Commission Houses are very busy.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts of Flour during the past week have again been quite small, but the market has been very dull under the discouraging accounts by the Persia and Arabia, and buyers are not at any period operative demand. The sales for shipment comprise only about 1200 bbls at $6,87½ for extra and good brands at $6,37½a6,50 ℔ bbl, including 500 bbls deliverable March 1st, at the latter figure, and some condemned at $5,50. 200 bbls, a lacy lot, brought $5. At the close standard brands were freely offered at our lowest figure, without finding purchasers. Limited sales are making for home consumption from $6,37½ up to $8 for extra and fancy or specialties as to quality. Rye Flour is but little inquired after—150 bbls brought $4,12½. Corn Meal is very dull and nominal at $3 ℔ bbl.

The market has been poorly supplied with Wheat this week, but the demand has been confined to small lots for the immediate wants of the millers. Sales of 10,000 bushels, mostly at $1,54a1,55 ℔ bushel for prime Penna red, in store, and $1,61a1,63 for white. Rye is in good request. 1500 bushels sold at 90c. Corn has been in better demand and prices have advanced 2c ℔ bushel, but at the close this improvement was lost. Sales of 20,000 bush at 84a85c for old yellow, and 64a65c for new closing at our lowest figures. Oats are in steady demand, and 12,000 bush Western and Penna sold at 44a45c ℔ bush.

PROVISIONS—But little has been done in any description. The receipts and stocks of Pork continue very light and prices are firm, but the demand has been limited. Small sales Mess at $20,50a21, and Prime at $18,50 ℔ bbl, 60 days. Beef is not inquired after, except in small lots for immediate consumption. Bacon—The demand has been very limited, but prices are well maintained—as there is very little offering. Sales of Hams at 10a11c for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides at 10a10c, and Shoulders at 9½c ℔ lb, 60 days. In Green Meats the transactions have been light, in consequence of the absence of supplies. Among them were 40 bbls Shoulders at 9c short time, and 80 casks Hams on terms kept private. Lard—The demand continues limited, but prices are well supported. Sales of bbls at 11½c, and kegs at 12 a12c ℔ lb, 60 days. 300 tierces Pennsylvania recently sold at the 11½ cents, 60 days. Butter is without change. Small sales of solid packed at 15a16c, and Roll at 20a22c.

GROCERIES—The market for Coffee continues very quiet, the stock being reduced to a very low figure, but prices are firm. Sales of 150 bags Rio at 10¼a11 cents, and some Java at 14a15c ℔ lb, on time, the latter being advanced 1c. There have been no arrivals, and the stock of Molasses in first hands is entirely exhausted. It is much wanted.

The stock of Sugar is very much reduced, and with a fair demand, holders have put up their prices fully ½c ℔ lb. Sales of 300 bbls Cuba and Porto Rico at 10¼a11c ℔ lb, on time.

METALS—There has been a good inquiry for Pig Metal for future delivery, but generally at figures below the views of holders, who now refuse sales which would have been accepted a few weeks since. 1500 tons No 2 Anthracite sold at $25, and 800 tons No 3, on the Susquehanna, at $22,50a25, all 6 mos. Scotch Pig is also held with more firmness. Blooms, Bar and Boiler Iron sell freely at former quotations.

The stock of Lead is very much reduced and prices are firmer—Sales of 100 pigs Spanish, 800 pigs Virginia, and 200 pigs Chester county, on terms kept private.

BARK—There is very little Quercitron here to operate in, and no sales have come under our notice. No 1 Quercitron is held at $31 ℔ ton.

BEESWAX—Small sales of good yellow at 27½c ℔ lb, cash.

CANDLES—Prices remain without change, and the sales have been confined to 600 boxes at 25a25½c ℔ lb, 4 months, for city manufactured Adamantine, and 41c for Sperm.

COAL—The receipts have been small, but there is no inquiry, except for home consumption, and prices remain without change. There have been no shipments from Richmond for the past two weeks, and the stock here is accumulating.

COTTON—There has been more doing during the week, and the stock being light, holders are firm in their demands, notwithstanding the unfavorable tone of the foreign news. Sales of 1000 bales, mostly Uplands, at 13½a13c ℔ lb, on time, for middling to middling fair quality.

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been but little doing. Sals Ash sells in lots at 3½a3½c; Castor Oils at 21,20; Liquorice Root at 7½c; Refined Borax at 25c ℔ lb, 6 mos; Refined Arcolo, and 100 cases E. I. Castor Oil, on private terms.

FEATHERS—Continue scarce, and sell only in a small way at 55a56c ℔ lb.

FISH—Pickled Herring sell slowly at quotations. Codfish have advanced, and are now selling in lots from store at $4,50 for shore, and $4,75 for bank. Mackerel in small lots at $15 for No 1 quality, and $13,50a14 ℔ bbl for medium 1's; $8,25a8,50 for 2's, and $7 for 3's, of other descriptions the market is nearly bare.

FRUIT—But little doing in foreign, in consequence of the absence of supplies. Two cargoes of Lemons and Oranges have arrived at the first week. Dried Apples come in slowly, and sell at 3½c ℔ lb for sliced, and 2½c for sun dried. Peaches are wanted. Cranberries sell at $12a13 ℔ bbl, as in quality. Prunes are in fair request at $1,03a1,06. White Beans are in request at $1,87½a2 ℔ bushel. Southern Black Eyed Peas are firm at $4 ℔ bag of 2 bushels.

COFFEE—All kinds have been dull, but few, if any, buyers have appeared in the market.

SUGARS—A very heavy storm has almost paralyzed trade; holders are firm. Refining continues advancing, with a very small stock. We quote Loaf at 13½c; crushed at 13½c; ground 13c; and circle and crushed at 13½c. The stock on hand this evening, as compared with last year same time, is as follows:

COMPARATIVE STOCK.

1856.		1857.	
February 1st—		February 1st—	
Cuba, hhds,	1929	Cuba, hhds,	4430
Porto Rico, hhds,	103	Porto Rico, hhds,	1100
Jamaica, "	254	English Islands,	1000
N Orleans, "	1530	Texas,	11
Norfolk, "	27		
Total,	3843	Total,	6629
Boxes,	3656	Boxes,	10,150
		Molado,	800

WHISKEY—The market is firm but quiet. Sales of 200 bbls Prime and Ohio at 28c.

PROVISIONS—The demand for Pork is good, and prices are again better, owing to the reduced state and light arrivals immediately in prospect—the sales are 100 bbls, part to arrive at $17,25a18 for new Prime; $20a20,25 for old Mess; $21,50 for new do, and $23,25 for unspected Mess. Beef is firmly held, but the inquiry is limited, owing to the storm. Sales of 150 lbs at $9,50a10,50 for new Prime; $16,75a18 for new country Mess and old repacked Western Mess, and $15,50 for repacked Cleveland and Chicago. Prime Mess is held at $20a22. Beef Hams are firm at $20a22. Bacon is inactive but firm at 10½a11c. Cut Meats are in limited supply and firm at 10¼a11 for Hams, and 8¼a8½ for Shoulders. Dress Hogs are in demand at 9a9½—the inside price for those from Ohio. Lard is again firmer—the arrivals and stock are quite limited. Sales of 167 bbls and tierces at 13a13½. Kegs are held at 12c. Butter is quite firm and in steady request at 20a25 for State, 20a22 for fresh made, and 16a22 for Ohio. Cheese are scarce and firm at 11a11½c.

OILS—Linseed is in moderate request and prices tend upward. Sales, 4000 gallons American for immediate delivery at 86a87c in casks and in bbls. Crude Whale is nominate, but prices are without further change. We understand that the recent sales of New Bedford at 70c were priced on the basis of 75c, but the holders there are firmly demanding 75c. Crude Sperm is steady and in moderate demand. We note further sales of 600 bbls at New Bedford at $1,30 ℔ gallon, cash. Manufactured oils are nominate, but prices are unaltered. Lard Oil remains quiet at 91a1,05, cash and 4 months, for prime Western. Olive is in good request, and prices are a shade better. Sales, 1000 kegs at $2,25a2,35 for quarts and pints. Red Oil is dull at 85c, cash, for Western Winter. Palm is steady at 9½a10c, an invoice of 160,000 lbs just received, sold previous to arrival.

FISH—The demand and receipts are alike very moderate, but, with a diminishing stock, prices retain their firmness.—Small sales in lots at 3½a3½c; Castor Oils at 21,20; Liquorice Root at 7½c; Refined Borax at 25c ℔ lb, 6 mos; Refined Arcolo, and 100 cases E. I. Castor Oil, on private terms.

FEATHERS—Continue scarce, and sell only in a small way at 55a56c ℔ lb.

FISH—Pickled Herring sell slowly at quotations. Codfish have advanced, and are now selling in lots from store at $4,50 for shore, and $4,75 for bank. Mackerel in small lots at $15 for No 1 quality, and $13,50a14 ℔ bbl for medium 1's; $8,25a8,50 for 2's, and $7 for 3's, of other descriptions the market is nearly bare.

FRUIT—But little doing in foreign, in consequence of the absence of supplies. Two cargoes of Lemons and Oranges have arrived at the first week. Dried Apples come in slowly, and sell at 3½c ℔ lb for sliced, and 2½c for sun dried. Peaches are wanted. Cranberries sell at $12a13 ℔ bbl, as in quality. Prunes are in fair request at $1,03a1,06. White Beans are in request at $1,87½a2 ℔ bushel. Southern Black Eyed Peas are firm at $4 ℔ bag of 2 bushels.

COFFEE—All kinds have been dull, but few, if any, buyers have appeared in the market.

SUGARS—A very heavy storm has almost paralyzed trade; holders are firm. Refining continues advancing, with a very small stock. We quote Loaf at 13½c; crushed at 13½c; ground 13c; and circle and crushed at 13½c. The stock on hand this evening, as compared with last year same time, is as follows:

COMPARATIVE STOCK.

1856.		1857.	
February 1st—		February 1st—	
Cuba, hhds,	1929	Cuba, hhds,	4430
Porto Rico, hhds,	103	Porto Rico, hhds,	1100
Jamaica, "	254	English Islands,	1000
N Orleans, "	1530	Texas,	11
Norfolk, "	27		
Total,	3843	Total,	6629
Boxes,	3656	Boxes,	10,150
		Molado,	800

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THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.—On Jan. 26th, on motion of Mr. Seward, it was resolved that the Secretary of War be required to direct the Topographical Engineers to inquire and report whether the public interests will be protected by the survey of the Niagara river, or any part of the same.

On Jan 27th, Mr. Wilson presented a petition from the Committee of the Humane Society of Massachusetts, asking Congress for a grant of $20,000 for establishing and supporting life-boat and mortar stations on the coast of that state.

Mr. Wilson said this was the oldest society in the country. They have sixty life-boats, five mortar stations, and several buildings for the safety of shipwrecked seamen.

Mr. Brodhead presented the memorial of Horatio Hubbell, of Pennsylvania, showing that, in 1849, in conjunction with Col. John H. Sherburne, he caused to be presented to Congress a paper showing how a submarine telegraph could be consummated, and where it could be carried through. He now prays that nothing be done unless his rights as projector be fully secured, by being made a member or director of the company, or in some other way. As the subject had passed away from the Senate, the bill was laid on the table.

On Jan. 29th, on motion of Mr. Wilson, it was resolved that the Committee of Foreign Relations be instructed to inquire into the expediency of sending a Commissioner to the Islands of the East India Archipelago, with power to investigate the claims to sovereignty which the government of the Netherlands assert to possess over the most of these islands, and form treaties with such independent States and tribes as may be found therein of sufficient power and importance to render such treaties necessary.

On Jan. 29th, Mr. Trumbull presented the credentials of James Harlan, U. S. Senator from Iowa, who was qualified and took his seat.

The official notification of the death of Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina, having been received from the House, an eulogy upon the deceased was pronounced by Mr. Evans, who expressed his regret that this tribute to the memory of the dead could not be paid by his worthy colleague, (Mr. Butler,) but the deep affliction which this sad event had occasioned him, in the loss of a dear friend and relative, had unfitted him for the performance of that duty.

Mr. Hunter, while expressing profound grief, hoped this sad lesson would not be lost upon the living. When standing around the lifeless form of a deceased associate, we learn to appreciate, as we are solemnly reminded of, the great brotherhood of humanity. Detraction would now cease to have an object at which to aim its shafts, for when one has paid the last debt of nature, he has settled his account with man.

Mr. Toombs spoke briefly of the manly virtues of the deceased, but, without concluding his remarks, resumed his seat, being overcome by his feelings.

The usual resolutions of regret and sympathy were adopted, and the Senate adjourned.

On Jan. 30th, the Senate resumed the consideration of Mr. Houston's resolution, calling on the President to communicate the number and causes of the desertion from the navy, since the passage of the act to promote the efficiency of the navy.

Mr. Houston maintained that the service had been greatly improved by that measure.

After further debate the subject was postponed.

The Senate then went into Executive Session by one majority, upon the nomination of Mr. Hanson, as Judge of the Supreme Court of Kansas, in place of Judge Lecompte, and adjourned, after three hours' warm debate, without taking the question.

On Jan. 31st, the Senate resumed the consideration of the Indian Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Hale commented in severe terms on the conduct of Governor Stevens, in proclaiming martial law and arresting the Judge of the Federal Court in Washington Territory. He was opposed to placing a single dollar in the hands of such a man, and thought that in the days of Roman supremacy no outrage equal to this was ever perpetrated in the most remote province of that empire.

The debate was continued at some length, mostly respecting the policy of the Government towards the Indian tribes on the Pacific coast, after which amendments were agreed to appropriating nearly $900,000 for the restoration and maintenance of peace, &c., in Oregon and Washington territories.

Without concluding the consideration of the bill, it was laid aside.

The Senate then took up and adopted the resolution of Mr. Houston, calling on the President to furnish the number and the causes of the desertions from the Navy since the passage of the act to promote the efficiency of the Navy.

On the 2nd, on motion of Mr. Weller, a resolution was adopted requesting the Secretary of War to communicate copies of all correspondence, not heretofore furnished, relative to the proceedings of the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, in 1856.

On motion of Mr. Pearce, a resolution was adopted, calling upon the Secretary of War for all information in his possession, showing the results of the trials of the camels in the military service.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES on Jan. 26th, on motion of Mr. Quitman, the House, under a suspension of the rules, took up and passed the bill increasing the pay of commissioned officers of the army and military storekeepers, $30 per month, and a commutation to 30 cts. ration.

The House passed the bill to enable property to a considerable amount, belonging to an emancipated slave, who died intestate, to descend to his slave wife and children, their owners being willing to set them *free*. The reason for this act is the belief that the property, under the laws of the District of Columbia, vests in the United States without such legislation.

On Jan. 27th, the House discussed the bill giving each branch of Congress entire control of its contingent fund, without the revision of the Accounting officers of the Treasury.

The Submarine Telegraph Bill, as received from the Senate, was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union upon the Tariff Bill.

An evening session for debate was agreed upon. At the evening session there were only a dozen members present. Messrs. Scott and Perry said they wished to review the President's Message, and got permission to print their speeches.

On Jan. 28th, the House merely met and adjourned.

On Jan. 29th, Mr. Keitt announced the death of Preston S. Brooks, member of the House from South Carolina, saying his disease was acute inflammation of the throat, and so swift and fatal, that even his medical adviser believed him to be in no danger till within the briefest possible period of time of his decease. Mr. Brooks was born in the Edgefield district, South Carolina, in 1819, and served in the Legislature of that State, and rendered gallant service in the Mexican war. He was sent to Congress as the representative of a proud and gallant constituency, whose history has been illustrated by the virtues, and statesmanship, and eloquence of Robert Goodloe Harper, John C. Calhoun, and George McDuffie. He spoke of his long and intimate relations with the deceased, who in his bearing was frank and honest, in dispute severe, and in friendship delicious.

Mr. Brooks left a wife and four children. Within the sanctity of that home he would not intrude, but he would supplicate Heaven to furnish balm to their crushed and bleeding hearts. Earth never pillowed on its bosom a truer son, nor Heaven opened wide its gates to receive a mightier spirit.

In conclusion, he submitted resolutions expressive of the deep sensibility with which the House has received the intelligence of the death of Mr. Brooks, tendering to the family of the deceased the sympathy of the House, and that the members will wear crape upon the left arm for thirty days.

These resolutions were subsequently unanimously adopted.

Mr. Quitman added a few words to what he regarded as an appropriate and just tribute that had been paid by the gentleman from South Carolina. He had seen the deceased bearing the severest trials at the siege of Vera Cruz, as an officer of the Palmetto Regiment, and ever exhibiting, under all circumstances, all the characteristic marks of the true man and soldier. Never a morning came he here, but what he made his salute to his old commander.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, said Mr. Brooks merited the confidence of his constituents, because he was always the faithful advocate of their political sentiments, and the zealous guardian of their rights, interests and honor. His relations with the deceased were such as enabled him to appreciate his virtues; he was a man of kind heart, and most tender sensibilities. Mr. Keitt had well said that his friendship was of the most extraordinary tenacity. If these elements, which are among the highest characteristics of true manhood, ever led him to acts which our judgments would decide to be wrong, let us remember that, to err is human, to forgive divine."

Mr. Clingman remarked that his acquaintance with the deceased commenced with the latter's first term or service in the House, and the fact that they came from a district of country united in past and present history, and the people entertaining a similarity of feeling and views, made them warm personal friends. With his own immediate constituents his popularity was unlimited. Coming from a State where generosity advances the merits of her sons, he had already obtained distinction in the public councils. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Clingman said that, if to insure success, a man must be adept in the arts of deception and hypocrisy, Mr. Brooks was not suited for such a station. No man was ever more frank and manly.

Mr. Savage did not approve of much talking at any time, but he would do injustice to his own feelings and those of his constituents, by remaining silent on this sad occasion. History records but one Thermopylæ, but there ought to have been another, and it sat for Preston S. Brooks. Brutus stabbed Cæsar to the capital, and whatever may be thought of the wisdom and justice of the deed, the world has ever since approved and applauded the act. So shall the scene in the Senate Chamber carry the name of the deceased to all future generations, long to be remembered after all here are forgotten, and when these proud walls shall have crumbled into ruins. Had he (the deceased) been permitted to choose his own death, Mr. Savage was convinced he would have fallen in some great battle for the public freedom, but it was not for him to question the wisdom of Omnipotence.

After a short recess, the corpse was brought into the House, and in the presence of the members of both branches of Congress, the President and Cabinet, the Judges of the Supreme Court, Mr. Buchanan, and others, the Rev. Mr. Waldo, Chaplain to the House, delivered a brief discourse, (making no allusion to the deceased) from the words of the Saviour to the thief on the cross:—"This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise;" the object being to justify Christ in making that declaration to the penitent thief, and to show the necessity of repentance.

The corpse was subsequently deposited in the Cemetery.

On Jan. 30th, the House considered private bills.

On Jan. 31st, Mr. Grow, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill fixing the boundaries of Minnesota, and authorizing the people thereof to frame for themselves a Constitution and State Government, with a view to be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, according to the Federal Constitution.

An election is to be held on the first Monday in June, for the choice of Delegates to the Convention. In the event of the people deciding in favor of a State Government, the Marshal is to proceed to take a census of the Territory, with a view of ascertaining the number of Representatives she is entitled to under the present census. The same provisions in this bill as in former bills of a similar character, relative to public lands for education, &c., are to be assented to as obligatory on both Minnesota and the United States.

Mr. Grow said that the proposed State would embrace 70,000 square miles, leaving west of the boundary about 90,000 square miles, to be hereafter erected into a government by the name of Dacotah.

A motion to table the bill, was voted down by a large majority, and the bill was passed—yeas 98, nays 74.

Mr. Grow, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill for the relief of the people of Kansas, declaring all reported laws passed by the Legislative Assembly at Shawnee Mission null and void, for the reason that the members were elected in violation of the organic Act, and usurped power and enacted cruel and oppressive statutes. The bill provides for holding a new election. Any person offering to vote, must prove by his own oath, that he is a "bona fide" settler; and by the oath of two legal voters that he has been for more than one month preceding the election an actual resident, and for fifteen days a resident of his election district. Fines of from $20 to $500 and imprisonment of from one to twelve months to be imposed on illegal voting, disturbance or control of the polls by armed or organized bands, and wilful reception of illegal votes by a judge.

Mr. Clingman moved, but the House refused, to lay the bill on the table.

Mr. Kunkle said he could not consent to sweep away the whole code of Kansas laws, and appealed to Mr. Grow to withdraw the demand for the previous question, that he might offer a substitute repealing certain obnoxious laws.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, wished to make an amendment, allowing none but citizens of the United States to vote.

Mr. Grow moved that the bill be recommitted, pending which the House took up the bill authorizing the inhabitants of Oregon to form a Constitution and State Government, preliminary to admission into the Union. The provisions of the bill, with the exception of the boundaries, are similar to the Minnesota bill. It gives the State one Representative in Congress.

Mr. Grow said the bill gives Oregon fifty-seven thousand square miles. The population is now about ninety thousand.

Mr. Whitney wished to confine the voting to citizens of the United States. He would do what he could to prevent aliens from making Constitutions for American citizens.

Mr. Lane replied that the laws of Oregon do not allow aliens to vote, nor do they claim that privilege.

Mr. Humphrey Marshall offered an amendment which was agreed to—yeas 71, nays 49—confining suffrage at the election for delegates to frame the Constitution, to citizens of the United States. The bill subsequently passed, and the House adjourned.

On the 2nd, the House took up and passed the bill legalizing the entries under the graduation Act of 1854, made prior to its passage, in cases, where a settlement was made in good faith.

Mr. Kelsey, by the unanimous direction of the Investigating Committee, reported a resolution requiring the Sergeant-at-Arms to bring before the Committee James W. Simonton, to answer, on the summons of the Speaker, such questions as may be propounded to him. The resolution passed under the operation of the previous question.

FASHION AND CRINOLINE ON THE ICE.—According to the correspondence of a St. Louis paper, skating has been one of the most popular amusements in the gay and beautiful city of Berlin, this winter. Everybody goes a skating. The bouncing wives and pretty daughters of Ministers of State, and Ministers Plenipotentiary, resort to the same pond with other people. They come in grand style, with a coach and livery; but once on the ice, as the homely proverb says, "every tub must stand or sit on its own bottom."

The most frequented of any of the skating ponds (about two acres in extent,) is farmed out by the authorities, to individuals who keep it nicely swept, provide sliding chairs, refreshment booths and a *pro tempore* wardrobe, for laying off extra overcoats and shawls. They keep, also, skates to hire by the hour, servants to aid in binding them on, and charge one *silver groshen*—two and a half cents—admission upon the ice. This correspondent says he has been there several times with lady friends, and has always found a nearly equal proportion of both sexes sharing in the amusement. He tells how the ladies get along with the double embarrassment of skates and skirts; and for the benefit of our readers we copy it:

"A girl does not show near as many awkward motions in her first attempts as a boy; she has, beside, some friend to lend a hand in supporting her unsteady feet, and teaching her the first 'steps,' while, confining her ambition to a few simple and flowing movements, she soon masters them, and, with flowing robes and heightened color, becomes, as she always deserves to be, the object of admiration.

"The German ladies have an odd way, too, of keeping their skirts from under their feet. They put a belt—often a plain narrow leather strap—about the hips, an inch or two below the waist, and draw the dress up a little. The strap holds it. If a lady is going out on the dirty street in bad weather, ten to one you will see her produce from a pocket the invariable old leather strap, catch up her garments just out of the reach of the mud, and fasten them so. By this contrivance her hands are left at liberty, and her clothes at the same time protected."

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL CONDITION OF JAMAICA.—Five gentlemen, who have resided for many years in Jamaica, and desire a change in its social and political condition, have addressed a letter to Mr. Labouchere, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, directing his attention to certain suggestions, which they offer with the object in view of arresting "the wide spread and annually increasing distress which overshadows the entire population, and has sunk a large portion of the inhabitants into actual destitution." The gentlemen whose names are attached to the letter are, Mr. Chitty, one of the late chairmen of Quarter Sessions, who has retired on a pension; Mr. Pinnock, a Kingston merchant; Mr. Phineas Abraham, the senior partner in the firm of P. Abraham & Co., of Falmouth; Mr. Hodgson, the chaplain of the General Penitentiary, and Mr. Valpy, a solicitor, and nephew of our late Chief Justice, Sir Joshua Rowe. They state that the condition of the colony is at the lowest possible point, short of universal bankruptcy and ruin; that real estate has no market value; that dwelling houses are gradually decaying, and money can with difficulty be raised, even in return for personal property; that most of the necessary articles for consumption are imported from the United States, while the natural products are neglected; and that the money capital of the country is drained, in the absence of any exchange of trade. They add, that the industrial condition of the inhabitants is at the lowest ebb, and that their moral and social condition is not a whit more elevated.—*Falmouth Post.*

A FRENCH MARRIAGE OF PRUDENCE.—The Paris *Siecle* contains the following: "On the 29th of December last, a town in the north of France was quite *en fete*, on account of the marriage of Mdlle Eugenie D——, the only daughter of a manufacturer in the neighborhood, with M. Charles V——, the son of a wealthy merchant of Paris. The marriage was one of prudence and arrangement, rather than of love. All the questions of interest had been carefully attended to, but the point of mutual inclination was totally neglected. Every one seemed gay and happy except the bride. However, the ceremony took place, and a wedding banquet followed, the whole being terminated by a splendid ball. The festivities were drawing to a close, when a servant informed the bridegroom that a gentleman desired to speak with him on a very urgent affair. The bridegroom went out, but did not return for the rest of the evening. The guests, one by one, retired, but the husband still remained absent, and at last, long after midnight, the bride withdrew to her chamber. There she at once discovered the cause of her husband's absence, for on a table by her bedside, she found a small parcel, and the following note from her husband: 'Madame—If I had no right, in marrying you, to expect a sincere affection, since we were but little acquainted with each other, I, however, looked for a heart which had never throbbed for another, and which I might, by assiduity and tenderness, in the end make my own. But a long series of letters from you to another man have just been placed in my hand—letters which prove that if you give me your hand, your affection has been given to another. I cannot, Madame, accept such an arrangement, and as I am unable to rend asunder the bonds which have joined us a few hours since, I am determined to protest at least by my absence against the union which I have contracted; and the first day of your marriage shall be the first also of a widowhood which will only terminate by the death of one of us. Adieu, Madame, forever!' The next morning, the house of the rich manufacturer was plunged into consternation, for the bride was found dead in her room, from the fumes of lighted charcoal. On the table lay the parcel of letters transmitted by her husband, and near them the following note: 'Monsieur—It is I who am in the wrong, and it is I, therefore, who ought to offer a reparation. I give you the only one that is in my power—I restore to you your liberty, and I expire imploring your pardon."

SPIRITUALISM IN PENNSYLVANIA.—In the city of Carbondale, a few years since, Rev. Mr. Harvey, the Methodist minister once in charge of the congregation in that place, became infected with the wild and visionary notions, so prevalent at this day, that there are actual communications with the spirits of the deceased now had, through the agency of various persons called mediums.—Mr. Harvey became a teacher in the Wyoming Institute, and in consequence of raising wild upon the subject of spirit communications, he was cast out of his office; and, persisting in his error, he was deposed from the ministry. He then attempted to preach on his own account, connecting his religious services with spirit rappings. Quite a number of persons in that region were carried away with the excitement. Some of the most devoted members of the Methodist churches became advocates and practitioners of this species of demonology.

But recently one after another have become convinced of the error of their ways; and finally Mr. Harvey and his principal followers have come out in a card, and owned their conviction that the whole is an imposture and a delusion. One poor girl, who sews for a livelihood, was persuaded that she was the spiritual wife of the great Napoleon. The spirits told her that she must dress more richly and elegantly, and she who had been most demure and plain, appeared in the street dressed in the most gaudy colors, to the great astonishment of her friends. She was about starting with Mr. Harvey and others for France, when the affair exploded, having been told by the spirits that she must go there.

THAT CURIOUS CASE.—In the case mentioned last week, of a young woman who received gross personal wrong while in charge of a gentleman, the name of the young lady is Sallie Stafford, and her residence Wallingford, Rutland Co., Vermont. The name of the accused is Brigham N. Barton.

Mr. Barton, on hearing that a complaint would be made against him in New York, went on from Philadelphia and reported himself at the office of the Chief of Police, and after the complaint had been made, demanded an examination. The complainant is not handsome, but her manners are prepossessing, and she is said to be accomplished. The defendant is about 45 years of age, and has been a widower for some years.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—A singular circumstance is said to have occurred in the silk factory of M. Garibaldi, at Cremona. It is positively stated that, in that factory, a quantity of silk worms, instead of forming the cocoon, as usual, actually wove a kind of silk ribbon of the breadth of an inch, and the length of upwards of twelve feet. In the course of the inquiries made in this matter, it has been elicited that a similar phenomenon, only on a much larger scale, took place at Allessandria, in 1836, in the silk factory of Dr. Grillo, where the silk worms wove a ribbon two inches broad, and upwards of sixty feet in length, part of which is now preserved in the Museum of Natural History at Turin.

FROM NICARAGUA.—By the arrival at New Orleans of the steamship Empire City, we have later news from Central America. Greytown, or San Juan, had been taken by the Costa Ricans, and for three weeks, communication with the interior had been cut off, and Walker had not been heard of.

The Rivas government of Nicaragua has made a treaty with Costa Rica, ceding to that State all the territory south of the San Juan river; and the two governments have each appointed a commissioner to jointly make a new sale of the Transit route.

MR. BUCHANAN, accompanied by his friend Robert W. Magraw, of Baltimore, arrived at Washington, on Jan. 27th, and is at the National Hotel, in that city. He was present at a public reception at the White House on the evening of his arrival, and was cordially greeted by the President, and tendered the compliment of a dinner with invited guests, which, together with a similar offer from Judge Douglas, he declined. He was to remain at Washington for a week or ten days.

☞ A story-writer says:—"Florabel clasped her wide, white brow with her two hands, as if to still the thunder of thought booming through her brain." How her head must have ached with such a noise in it! Florabel must be the young lady whose "eyes emit lightning flashes!"

☞ An Irishman, who was giving his testimony in the Boston Municipal Court lately, convulsed the bar, tickled the jury, and raised a smile on the bench by the following statement:—"Ye see may't plaze yees, that the man got a stroke and fell down. Everybody round called out—'Ow, he's kilt! he's kilt!' Thin I steps up, and I hollied out to the crowd, 'If the man is kilt, why don't yees stand back and give him a little air!'"

☞ A lady informs a Boston editor that having a good constitution, she can bear a great deal of happiness. Her idea of perfect bliss is a fast horse in a sleigh, plenty of buffalo-robes, and a neat fitting overcoat with a man in it. She added, if that is not happiness, I'm open to conviction as to what it is!

☞ Steel hoops are very apt to break, an example of which was afforded a few evenings since, at one of Thalberg's concerts. A lady's steel hoop broke and sprang into her leg nearly an inch deep; the wound was very severe, and may make amputation necessary.

☞ Worrying continually about something or nothing, is a popular mode of suicide.

☞ There are many vices which do not deprive us of our friends; there are many virtues which prevent our having any.

☞ A strange genius, in describing a lake in Minnesota, says it is so clear that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.

ARROWSMITH AGAIN.—Mr. Arrowsmith writes to the *London Times* again on the celebrated "Railways and Revolvers" story. He says: "It has been my purpose to allow the numerous contradictions or denials of the truth of my narrative to remain unnoticed, leaving them their full weight of credit; but such a course does not appear to meet the approval of some of my friends, who seem to think that silence is an admission of wrong. I therefore repeat that the whole of my narrative is substantially true, and that the scenes therein described were but too real. I regret a remark made at the foot of the narrative, for, although perfectly correct, it is in opposition to the spirit that prompted the publication, which was not to villify the States or condemn their laws, but to point out the easy infraction of those laws and the impunity thereof, in order that a remedy might be applied. Never thinking to publish an account of these scenes, I did not provide myself (as I might have done on the spot) with any evidence; nor did I inquire or learn the name and address of any of my co-passengers, so as to obtain evidence afterwards; therefore my assertion stands unsupported. I cannot blame anyone who does not believe me, nor do I desire to enforce their belief; but, conscious of truth and of freedom from malice, I am willing to be judged."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 291—Adults 111, and children 180.

A QUEER NOTION.—A charity concert is to be given, in Cincinnati, at which the price of admission for each person will be a garment, new or old, suitable to give to the poor. The idea is certainly a good one. Apropos of garments, do our readers ever reflect as seriously as they should, upon the great advantages they enjoy in having an excellent a place to procure their apparel, as at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, at Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut street, Philadelphia?

IS YOUR HAIR TURNING GRAY? if so get a bottle of Alpine Hair Balm, it will immediately bring your hair back to its natural color and make it soft and glossy.

For sale by R. & G. A. WRIGHT at wholesale, and at retail by all Druggists.

OXYGENATED BITTERS.—For the cure of Dyspepsia and General Debility, this medicine is invaluable; its peculiar combination is the result of experience, and an intimate knowledge of the cause of these diseases.

A WINDY ORATOR once got up and said:—"Sir, after much reflection, consideration and examination, I have solemnly, deliberately and carefully come to the determined conclusion—that in cities where the population is very large, there are a greater number of men, women and children than in cities where the population is less." He might have saved his breath, as every one knew that; or better employed it by telling that the most beautiful, durable and cheapest clothing sold in the city is sold at the Fashionable Emporium of Granville Stokes, 26 Chestnut Street, Philada.

GRAY HEADS.—There are many whose hair is prematurely gray, that, by the use of "Wood's Hair Restorative" can bring it back to its natural color. This must be testified to by our ex Senator Breese and many others.—*Chicago Times.*

Sold by all Druggists. febf-2teow

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

A REMARKABLE CURE OF INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

Greenville, Green Co., Tenn., July 5th, 1856.

Dr. D. Jayne,

Dear Sir:

I hope you will not take it amiss to receive a letter from a friend at a distance, informing you of the effect of one of your Family Medicines—the Alterative. In November last, one of my sons was taken with a violent pain in his hip, and we thought he would not live. His family physician was called in, and pronounced his ailing Inflammatory Rheumatism. The doctor attended him for the space of five or six weeks, he still got weaker every day. For six weeks he could not be moved in his bed, but thank God his mother was looking over one of your almanacs, and found a case of one Patterson, whose disease was the same as my son's. She did not advise him what to do, but got one of his brothers to read the case to him, and if he was willing to quit the doctor and try your Alterative, we would procure some for him. He gave his consent, and we bought six bottles of it. As soon as he began taking it the pain got more easy. I think it was eighteen bottles he made use of, and then mended on. He is now going about and working, but still is slightly lame. Where he had continued with the doctor, and not taken your Alterative, he would have been in his grave at this time, but with the blessing of God, and the help of your medicine, our son is now in the land of the living.

No more at present, I remain your friend and well wisher until death. PETER HARMON, Sen.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the United States. nov23-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Doctor Blackwood, Mr. JOHN CROTHERS, to MISS MARY F. MCCULLOUGH, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. SAMUEL T. COX, Esq. of Pennville, Salem county, N. J. to Miss HARRIET SARGENT, of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. MAMLOND KRIBBEL, to MISS ANNIE SMITH, all of Manayunk.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Henry Brown, Mr. AMBROSE TERGANOIAN, M. D. to MISS CONSTANCE GORDON, both of Beverly, N. J.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas Street, Mr. ALEX. WILSON, to MAGGIE MCFARREN, both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. William Blackwood, D. D., Mr. SAMUEL WALLACE, to MISS ELIZA L. SMITH, both of this city.

On the 26th Nov. last, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. JACOB TUSTIN, to MISS SUSAN SIMON, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel A. Durborow, Mr. CHARLES CARPENTER, to MISS SARAH J. DUBOSQ, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. DAVID H. KRAUSER, to MISS ELIZABETH W. DAVIS, both of Uwchlan township, Chester county, Pa.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Charles Brown, Mr. BENJAMIN KIRKALL, of Ottawa county, Ohio, to MISS HANNAH S. DERR, of this city.

On the 2d ultimo, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. HASTON T. SCOTT, to MISS MARGARET BOLE, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Wesley Kenney, Mr. HENRY H. KEY, of Birmingham, England, to MISS ANNIE PALMER, of Philadelphia.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas Street, Mr. WILLIAM GERICK, to MISS CAROLINE WALTERS, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. John O'Connor, Mr. FRANCIS V. GERNER, M. D. to MISS MARY M. MYERS, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by John D. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOSEPH HAMMIL, to MISS RUTH A. WOOLEY, both of this city.

On the 20th of Sept. by the Rev. Lewis Cheesman, D. D., Mr. ELLIOTT ALLEN, to MISS MARGARET A. MURRAY, both of Philadelphia.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. James H. McFarland, Mr. JOHN F. STARKEY, of Davenport, Iowa, to MISS MARGARET M. ELLIS, daughter of William Ellis, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On the 20th of Dec. by the Rev. William Urie, Mr. EPHRAIM H. GILBERT, to MARINDA THORNTON, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph J. Healy, of Camden, N. J., Mr. THOMAS H. COLES, of Blackwoodtown, N. J. to MISS ELIZA H. KIRKBRIDE, of Camden, N. J.

On the 22d ultimo, in this city, by the Rev. Thos. Street, Mr. JOHN M. SHUPE, of Abington, Montgomery county, Pa. to MISS ELLEN G. LOSS, of Harrisville, Pa.

On the 23d ultimo, by Friends' ceremony, before T. Elwood Comly, Esq., STRICKLING M. WATSON, to ELIZABETH L. daughter of Jacob L. Watson, both of Montgomery county, Pa.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th ultimo, JANE B. HASTINGS, wife of Elisha Swinney, aged 48 years.

On the 27th ultimo, HENRY, son of the late Chas. and Ann Cranckshaw, aged 20 years and 8 months.

On the 27th ultimo, SARAH A. DAVIS, aged 27 years.

On the 27th ultimo, JOSEPH S., son of Theodore and Sarah A. Lively, aged 5 years and 6 months.

On the 28th ultimo, MARY HELEN, daughter of Edward and Margaret Heanefer, aged 3 years.

On the 27th ultimo, RACHEL M. wife of Edward S. Newell, aged 32 years.

On the 26th ultimo, HARRIET, daughter of Jacob and Christiana Spessman, aged 5 years.

At New Castle, Del. on the 28th ultimo, Mrs. LYDIA ANN BLUNT.

On the 27th ultimo, ROBERT, son of Robert and Mary Crippin, aged 16 years.

On the 25th ultimo, ANN, wife of Alex. Thompson.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH HOLMES, aged 21 years.

On the 27th ultimo, CATHARINE, daughter of Robert and Elizabeth Harrington, aged 5 years.

On the 28th ultimo, CATHARINE, daughter of Bryan and Catharine Dowling, aged 3 years and 8 months.

On the 27th ultimo, Miss MARY A. CREIGHTON, aged 22.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. MARY WEBB, aged 46 years.

On the 26th ultimo, MARY JANE, wife of Benjamin F. Baker, aged 23 years.

On the 28th ultimo, ELIZABETH, wife of Edward Shole, aged 44 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. ANN ELIZA, wife of George E. Harris.

On the 26th ultimo, Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSTON, aged 64 years.

On the 25th ultimo, MARY EMMA, daughter of David and Emily Bennett, aged 3 years and 9 months.

On the 28th ultimo, MARY JOHNSNELLY, aged 46 years.

On the 26th ultimo, JOHN J. BROTHER, aged 23 years and 8 months.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. ALICE, wife of Benj. Francis, aged 50 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mr. JOHN COATES, of Upper Merion Township, Montgomery county, Pa. aged 71 years.

On the 29th ultimo, MATILDA, daughter of John Miller and Katharine Fitting, aged 16 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Mr. JAMES STEED, aged 46 years.

At Columbia, South Carolina, HENRY ARTHUR, son of Henry and Olivia F. Holmes, aged 22 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. MARTHA HELMBOLD, aged 50.

On the 24th ultimo, IDA IRENE, daughter of Mordecai and Sarah Hodgman, aged 6 years.

On the 25th ultimo, MARGARET, wife of Samuel Campbell, aged 63 years.

On the 24th ultimo, DANIEL MCKINLEY, aged 58 years.

On the 28th ultimo, WILLIAM CONNOR, aged 18 years.

On the 24th ultimo, SARAH, wife of John M. Hesser, aged 33.

On the 24th ultimo, Mr. JOHN MOORE, aged 40 years.

On the 24th ultimo, DENNIS LOUGE, aged 25 years.

On the 24th ultimo, DEBBY H. wife of John G. Pusey, aged 29 years.

On the 24th ultimo, JOHN G. son of Nathaniel H. and Marion Wilcox, aged 3 years and 2 months.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. MARY HACKETT, aged 70 years.

On the 25th ultimo, JENNIE, daughter of Agnes and Mark Hill.

$2,500 MORE BOOK AGENTS WANTED, To circulate RAPID SELLING Valuable Family Works, which attract by their low prices, interesting contents and Superbly Colored Plates. For full particulars, apply, if you live East, to Henry Howe, 102 Nassau St., New York, if you live West, the same, 111 Main St., Cincinnati. mh15-1f

$2,000 AGENTS WANTED,—either LADIES or GENTLEMEN—in every Town and County in the United States, to engage in a GENTEEL BUSINESS, by which they can make from $1,000 to $2,000 a year. For particulars, address, enclosing stamp, S. A. DEWEY & CO., Box 151 Philadelphia, Pa. aug24-3t

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☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 29 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, February 2, 1857.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Relief notes ¼ dis
Lancaster bank 2½ dis
Erie City bk 4½ dis
Erie bk 45 dis

NEW JERSEY.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Mercer bk Br'dgton 15 dis
Wheat Grower's bk Newton 15 dis

DELAWARE.
Solvent bks par
Under S's ¼ dis

MARYLAND.
Valley bk Hagerstown no sale
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Far & Mech bk Kent co ¼ dis

DIS. OF COLUMBIA.
Exchange bk 5 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis

NEW YORK.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
8th Avenue bk ¼ dis
Manufacturers bk 2½ dis
Far bk Owegatara 2½ dis
Mer & Man bk Oswego 30 dis
Ex bk Buffalo 30 dis
Empire City bk 1½ dis
Central bk 1½ dis

MAINE.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Bk of Hallowell 5 dis
Ellsworth bk 60 dis
Maritime bk Bangor 15 dis
Canton bk South China no sale

NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solv bks ¼ dis

VERMONT.
Solv bks ¼ dis
South Royalton bk 2 dis

CONNECTICUT.
Solv bks ¼ dis

MASSACHUSETTS.
Solv bks ¼ dis

RHODE ISLAND.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Bk Republic Providence 75 dis

CANADA.
Solv bks 2 dis

NORTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks 1½ dis
Small notes 3½ dis

VIRGINIA.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Bk of Kanawha 10 dis
Corp'n Alexandria 2 dis

SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ¼ dis

GEORGIA.
Solv bks ¼ dis
New bks 2 to 5 dis
Merchants and Planter's bk, Savannah, no sale

ALABAMA.
Bk of Mobile 1 dis
Other solv bks 5 dis

MISSISSIPPI.
All bks uncertain

LOUISIANA.
Solv bks 1 dis

OHIO.
Solvent bks 1 dis
Bk of Circleville 25 dis
Canal bk Cleveland 5 dis

KENTUCKY.
Solv bks 1 dis

INDIANA.
State bk ¼ dis
Shawnee bk, Attica, no sale
Gramercy bk, Lafayette

ILLINOIS.
Peoples bk, Carmi, 50 dis
Rushville bk, Rushville, 50 dis
Prairie State bk, 50 dis
Danville bk 50 dis
Solvent bks 2 to 5 dis

MISSOURI.
Solv bks ¼ dis

TENNESSEE.
Solv bks 2 dis
Small notes 2½ dis

MICHIGAN.
Solv bks 2 dis

ARKANSAS.
All bks no sale

WISCONSIN.
Solv bks 2 dis

TEXAS.
Com & Agricultural bk Galveston 20 dis

GODEY'S MAGAZINE.

THE DECEMBER NUMBER, closing the fifty-third Volume, is before us, and we frankly confess, if possible, still more attractive than ever. There are many reasons why we like Godey. First, he promises to excel all other Magazines. Second, he never fails to do what he promises. The Lady's Book contains a greater variety than any other Magazine; the Steel Plates are superior in design and exec

Wit and Humor.

ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

The following, by the profound "Squash," of California, "a man no less distinguished for the profundity of his thought than the pleasing humor of his wit," was "Studdied up whilst a settin onto the Piney fence, watchin of the American Flag waving from the top of the liberty pool, and a touching off of fire crackers now and then." Who can read it without imagining himself standing in his revolutionary sire's regimentals, signing the Declaration of Independence, or contemplating the taking and sacking of the British capital single handed?

Oh, misty rag! Oh, hooteous peese of kloth!
Mad up of red and wite and blew stripes,
And stars painted on both sides—
All hale! Agin I'm sittin in the unbrajus
Shades, and admirin of thi grandier,
And suckin into my chist the gentle zefers
That ar boldin yu out well at onto
Strate Grate flag! When I shot
My ize and look at ye, and think
How as when yu was little, and not mutch
Bigger than a small peese of kloth, and
Almost as tender as a shete of paper, yu
Wos karried all thru the revolushun.
Ar wor, and have some few times since
Held up yer bed with difficulty, and
How tremenjus yu are now, I feel
Just as if I shud bust and spill around and want
To git down off the fence, and git shot,
Or stabd, or hit on the head with a stick of
Wood, or hung, for my kuntry.
Prodijus beaner! Wouldn't I smile to see
A Chinaman, or a smaul connatcherllised
Furriner undertalk to put you down!
If a Chinaman, I would slai him, and kut
Off his kew, and bare it off in triumf!
Before I'd see a slit torn in thee or the sakrelegus
Hands of a fo kuttin yu up into bullit-
Pachin, I'd brace mi back agin a waul (or a
House, or a fence, or a bord as it mite be)
And fite, and strike, and skuawl, and
Kick, and bite, and tear me close, and
Loose me hat, and git hit on mi hed and
On mi leg, (bard,) and akrost the smaul of
Mi bak, and fall down, and git up
Agin. And kontinur the struggle for half or
Three qwortors of an hour, or until I gott
Severely wunded.
Terrific emblem! how proud yu look.
And how almighty sassy yu waiv round
A snappin, and kickin, and skarin of horses;
I spose youre almost tarin to git into a
Fite with somebody, and satisfy yur kar-
Niverus dispersishun by eatin up a hole nashun
Grate flag! I don't no which makes me feel
The most patriotic, yu or the Fourth of July;
Yu aint made of the same kind of stuff, altho'
Sublym and terryble to kontemplat.
But I klose, and waiv my last adoo.
However tryin to mi feelins it may be,
And git down off the fense, for already the
Sharp pints of the pickets begin to stick me
And make me skringe and hitch about,
And threaten to tar mi kloze and make me boller.

KISS OR FIGHT.—An exchange tells a story of a country party thus:—

A stalwart young rustic, who was known as a formidable operator in a "free fight," had just married a blooming and beautiful country girl, only sixteen years of age, and the twain were at a party where a number of young folks of both sexes were enjoying themselves in the good (?) old fashioned pawn playing style. Every girl in the room was called out and kissed except Mrs. B——, the beautiful bride aforesaid, and although there was not a youngster present who was not dying to taste her lips, they were restrained by the presence of her herculean husband, who stood regarding the party with a look of sullen dissatisfaction. They mistook the cause of his anger, however, for, suddenly rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and, in a tone of voice that at once secured marked attention, said:

"Gentlemen, I have been noticing how things has been working here for some time—and I ain't half satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss, but—"

"What's the matter, John?" inquired half a dozen voices. "What do you mean? Have we done anything to hurt your feelings?"

"Yes, you have; all of you have hurt my feelings—and I've got just this to say about it: Here's every gal in the room been kissed mighty nigh a dozen times apiece, and there's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of 'em, has not had a single one to-night; and I just tell you now, if she don't get as many kisses the balance of the time as any gal in the room, the man that slights her has got me to fight—that's all. Now go ahead with your plays!"

If Mrs. B——— was slighted during the balance of the evening, we did not know it. As for ourselves, we know that John had no fault to find with us individually, for any neglect on our part.

YOUNG AMERICA.—A certain Judge while attending Court in a shire town, was passing along the road where a boy was just letting down the bars to drive some cattle in. His father stood in the door of his home, on the opposite side of the road, and seeing what his hopeful boy was doing, shouted out—

"John, don't you drive them cattle in there; I told you to put them in the pasture behind the house."

The boy took no notice whatever of the remonstrance, and his father repeated the order in a louder tone, without the least effect—and a third time gave positive orders not to drive the cattle in there. The son didn't even deign to look up, and disobeyed the parental injunction with a coolness which positively shocked the Judge, who, looking at the culprit, said, in a tone of official dignity:

"Boy, don't you hear your father speaking to you?"

"Oh, ya-a-s," replied the youth, casting a glance at the Judge and then at his parent, "but I don't mind what he says. Mother don't neither, and 'tween she and I, we've about got the dog so he don't."—*Arthur Gilman.*

SINGULAR SCIENTIFIC FACT.—An amusing instance of absence of mind occurred a day or two since, where a profound explorer into the mystery of chemical science burnt his nose by a fluid lamp with which it came in contact. We met him a day or two afterward, with a large plaster of Russia Salve on his nose, and asked him about his hurt. "It looks bad, don't it?" said he. We assured him it didn't look anything else, and asked him if it hurt him much when it was roasting. "No'er a bit," replied he; "in fact I didn't feel it at all, I was so absorbed in my experiments; and though I kept smelling something like burnt meat, I imagined it was a dinner cooking somewhere and kept right on, till my student told me my nose was on fire, and putting my hand up, I found it was even so. I thrust it in a bucket of water and extinguished it, but it has left the mark, you see." This, if true, shows the power of mind over body—unlike ether or chloroform, it is as effectual as either in promoting insensibility to physical pain.—*Boston Gazette.*

A DELICATE CREATURE.—Youthful Swell:—"Now, Charley—you're just in time for breakfast—have a cup of coffee?"

Languid Swell:—"Thanks! No! I assure yah—my de-ah feelah! if I was to take a cup of coffee in the morning, it would keep me awake all day!"—*Punch.*

A SLIGHT RESERVATION.—Capt. R., a merchant who died several years ago, at an advanced age, lived for many years in a goodly town away down East. He was generally at peace with all the world, though he never forgot or forgave any mercantile dishonesty that was important enough to remember.

He always evinced, to say the least, a sort of *coolness* towards two of his townsmen, in particular, named Lang and Whicher, each of whom, as he contended, had defrauded him. On one occasion the captain having left the church he had formerly attended, purchased a pew and attended church at the Universalist meeting house. He being a man of considerable wealth and talent, the acquisition was of no small importance to his new found religious friends. One of these met him on Monday morning after his attendance at the new place of worship, and after congratulations upon his finding the true faith, and discerning the road to Heaven through the right church, inquired of him if he really could find it in his heart to forgive all men, and to wish that all, like him, should enjoy universal salvation. "I don't know," said the old man, with an air of deep reflection, "but if there was a little bit of a hell to put such infernal rascals as George Lang and Isaac Whicher into until they could be made fit to associate with decent people, I could subscribe to the doctrine most cheerfully."—*Boston Gaz.*

A CHEAP SHAVE.—One day last week a stout fellow, with a beard like a shoe-brush, went into the barber shop of Mansfield & Button, Exchange St., Rochester, and took a chair for a shave. One of the young men in attendance waited upon him promptly, gave him a close shave, and put him in first-rate order to make a decent appearance in the streets. When the process was complete and the stranger was ready to depart, he made an inspection of his pockets, and finally found a *cent*, which he handed to the boy in payment for the service he had performed. He was politely informed that the price of shaving was a sixpence. The man replied very coolly, "I know it, and that (pointing to the cent) only lacks five cents of it! You ain't agoing to stand for half a dime?"

There was no appeal from this. All the people in the shop, customers included, were convulsed with laughter at the impudence of the fellow; but his gravity was unshaken. He took his hat and departed, calculating, no doubt, that he had driven a good bargain with the barber, and was soon casting about for another chance to save half a dime.—*Rochester Union.*

THE SKY-ROCKET BRAND.—A man travelling, entered a tavern, and seeing no one present but the landlord and a negro, seated himself, and entered into conversation with the negro. Shortly, he asked Sambo if he was dry? Sambo said he was. Stranger told him to go to the bar, and take something at his expense. Negro did so, and shortly left. Landlord says to the stranger:

"Are you acquainted with that nigger?"

"No, never saw him before; but why do you ask?"

"I supposed so from your conversing with him, and asking him to drink."

"Oh," said the stranger, "I was experimenting. The fact is, I was dry too, and I thought that if your liquor didn't kill the negro in fifteen minutes, I would venture to take a drink myself."

Landlord's curiosity fully satisfied.

MEN OF ONE IDEA.

It has been our fortune, more than once, to encounter men whose minds seemed so thoroughly permeated and pervaded by one idea, that, whatever topic might be broached in conversation, would be sure to bring in their pet notion. We recollect a farmer who may serve as an illustration. His hobby, strange as it may seem, was comprised in the plebeian word "sausage." Of these he used annually to manufacture a large quantity, and with an absence of false shame worthy of all commendation, so far from keeping out of sight the stuff which had aided him to competence, was somewhat too forward in obtruding it upon his acquaintances.

"Good morning, Mr. Jones," said we, on one occasion. "Fine weather we are having just now."

"Yes," said he, earnestly, "capital weather we are having for making sausages. If things turn out well, I shall have a hundred pounds to carry to market. You wouldn't like a few, would you?"

We hastened to inform him that our larder was fully supplied, and not feeding particularly interested in the turn he had given the subject, endeavored to broach another topic.

"The Allies find it a difficult matter to take Sebastopol, Mr. Jones. I suppose you have read the latest accounts from the seat of war?"

"No."

"The Russians have gained a decided victory. It is thought, however, that there is a possibility of the supplies being cut off, so that the garrison will be compelled, by fear of starvation, to capitulate."

"You don't say so!" returned Mr. Jones, "I wonder," he continued, after a pause, his eyes lighting up with a new and brilliant idea, "I wonder whether it wouldn't be a good speculation to send a cargo of sausages to Sebastopol? There ain't nothing more wholesome, and if they are in danger of being starved out they'd be likely to pay pretty well."

We ventured to suggest that the allied squadrons would be a trifling obstacle in the way of this otherwise feasible plan.

The next time we met Mr. Jones, was after the death of his wife. There was sorrow in his eye, and black crape on his hat. Our sympathies were touched.

"Mr. Jones," said we, "we have heard of your misfortune. It is indeed a heavy cross to bear, but you must summon up all your fortitude."

"You don't know," said he, grasping our hand, "how much. You never can know. Such a treasure as she was," said he, concealing his face in the folds of his red bandanna. "*I shall never get any body that can make sausages like her—never!*"

Mr. Jones seemed overpowered by his grief and walked sadly away. We felt that we could offer no adequate consolation to one whose sorrow proceeded from such a cause, and did not attempt it.

PROTECTION OF TREES FROM MICE AND SHEEP.—A mixture of gunpowder and lard or gunpowder and tallow, spread upon the bodies of trees, will effectually prevent injury from mice or rabbits, while at the same time it is not injurious to the tree.

Three pieces of common lath set up and confined around the body of the tree by fine wire will prevent injury from sheep.—*Ohio Farmer.*

☞ An elephant once nearly killed an Irishman for an insult offered to his trunk. "The act was rash in the extreme; but it was impossible," the Hibernian said, "to resist a nose you could pull with both hands."

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

SENSITIVE YOUNG LADY.—"Poor creatures! Nothing but eating and sleeping. What a dreadful existence?"

STOUT YOUTH.—"Dreadful existence! Oh, ah! I dare say. Why, that's just the very thing of all others I should like the best!"

Agricultural.

THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF FOOD.

FROM DR. VOELCKER'S "CHEMISTRY OF FOOD."

In estimating the practical value of an article of food, we must take into consideration—

1. *The Age of the Animal.*—Young and growing animals require a more concentrated and more readily digestible food than full-grown or store beasts, i. e., food being, comparatively speaking, rich in nitrogenized matters, and poor in indigestible woody fibre. The food upon which growing stock is fed, not only has to supply the daily waste of muscle, but must also increase the weight of the animals; and as the process of renewal in young animals moreover proceeds more rapidly than in full-grown stock, the food of the former should contain a larger supply of flesh-forming substances and of bone materials. Hence the great value of Linseed-cake and of Linseed-jelly for young stock, and the poor condition of young beasts fed upon too much chaff. The yet tender organs of digestion necessitate a more digestible food than that upon which store beasts may be fed with economy, and thus the food which may be valuable for store beasts, will often be found totally unfit for young stock.

2. *The Various Kinds of Animals.*—We know by experience that the best food for horses is by no means the best for cows or sheep, and hence the nutritive value of an article of food will be different in relation to horses from what it is in relation to cattle. The organization of the digestive organs of our domestic animals fully accounts for the different effects which are often produced by the same article of food when given to different kinds of animals. Thus whilst Beans are highly nutritious when given to horses, their value for fattening cattle is far less striking; and whilst cut straw, given by itself, may support store cattle, it cannot sustain for any length of time the life of sheep or horses. The nutritive value of food thus varies with the description of the animals to which it is given.

3. *The Natural Disposition or Temper of the Animals.*—Whilst some animals, like the Herefordshire cows and short horns, are naturally good fatteners, Welsh cattle and Kerry cows, to mention only a few instances, never will become very fat, even if they are kept for a long time on abundant supplies of the choicest food. The practical value of food is thus likewise influenced by the natural disposition of the animal which is kept upon it.

4. *The Purposes for which Animals are Kept.*—The effect which food is capable of producing is also influenced by the purposes for which animals are kept on the farm. The value of food necessarily will be a different one, if we speak in relation to working animals, or fattening beasts, or cows kept for dairy purposes. Thus, for instance, the same amount and kind of food which in summer is hardly capable of keeping working horses in good condition, is more than sufficient to render them plump and fat in a short time in winter, when they are retained for days and weeks together in the stable. The nutritive value of food thus is influenced by the work done by the animal. The harder it is kept at work, the greater the waste in muscle, and consequently the richer the food ought to be in flesh-forming matters which is given to working horses or bullocks. Highly nitrogenized food, however, though of great value when given to working animals, does little good, and may even do harm when given in too large a proportion to fattening beasts. Valuable food for fattening stock is food rich in starch, and still more so, food rich in ready-made fat; or, to speak generally, food not so well adapted for working animals, because it does not contain a sufficient quantity of muscle material. These few examples will show that the opinion which is entertained respecting the nutritive value of food cannot be invariably the same, but is regulated, among other circumstances, by the purpose for which the animals are kept on the farm. The fitness of the same kind of food thus varies with the age, natural disposition, and kind of the animals to which it is given, as well as with the purposes for which they are kept on the farm; and it is therefore quite impossible to classify the various articles of food in an order which will indicate their relative feeding values in all cases. But supposing the composition of food to be known, and the wants of the animals are well considered, it is still impossible in all cases to estimate beforehand what practical effect a feeding substance will produce, for it may be rich in flesh forming substances, and contain fat and heat producing compounds, as well as saline and earthly matters; and yet it may be, comparatively speaking, poor food, inasmuch as its constituents are not assimilated by the animal organism. The digestibility of food consequently is a point which ought to be well kept in view in estimating its nutritive value. Our knowledge of this process of digestion, unfortunately, is so limited, that we cannot speak definitely of all the conditions which regulate the digestibility of food. Still, however, a few circumstances may be pointed out, by way of example, which influence the assimilation of food by the animal system. Amongst other conditions the digestibility of food depends—

1. *On the Kinds of Animals.*—The same description of food which is assimilated in a great measure by one kind of animal, remains almost wholly undigested when given to another. Thus it has been proved by direct experiments that cows will extract a great deal of nourishment from cut straw, whilst horses do not possess the power in the same degree of appropriating nourishment from cut straw, and sheep likewise do not appear to digest chaff so readily as cattle.

2. *On the Amount and Character of the Woody Fibre Contained in Food.*—Feeding materials, containing but a small amount of woody fibre, are generally more readily digested than those articles of food which, like straw, principally consist of woody fibre. Hence, Barley-meal, Oats, and grain in general, substances rich in starchy compounds, are so well adapted to the rapid fattening of animals. The condition of the woody fibre further affects the nutritive value of food in no mean degree. Whilst the woody fibre in roots left too long in a growing state on the land, or the fibre of Grass and Clover left standing until it become dead-ripe, is not readily digested, there can be no doubt that the soft fibre of young Grass, Clover and Roots is readily assimilated in the animal organism, and transformed into starch, sugar, and finally fat. It is for this reason that grain crops, more especially Oats, when harvested before the plants have become dead-ripe, produce straw which is greatly more nutritious than the straw of dead-ripe grain crops. In some parts of Scotland the custom prevails to cut the Oat when the top of the haulm is still somewhat green; and it is upon straw of that description that store cattle are kept during the winter almost entirely.

3. *On the Amount of Flesh-Forming Substances.*—Food too rich in these constituents is not readily digested by cattle, whilst working horses are greatly benefited by food of that description. Thus, Bean-meal or Peas ought to be given sparingly to cattle, because Beans and Peas contain a very large amount of flesh forming substances, which renders them indigestible when given to cattle.

4. *On the Bulk of the Food.*—The normal functions of the digestive organs not only depend on the composition of the food, but also on the volume. The volume or bulk of food contributes to the healthy activity of the digestive organs, by exercising a stimulating effect on the nerves which govern them. The whole organization of ruminating animals necessitates the supply of bulky food, to keep the animal in good condition. Experience shows that horses require a less bulky and more concentrated food than cattle; but if we reverse the case, and feed cattle with too concentrated a food and horses with too bulky a feeding substance, much of the food will remain undigested.

5. *On the Form in which Food is presented to the Animal.*—It sometimes happens that an article of food is said to possess little value, which, properly prepared, may be given to cattle with much advantage. Thus, straw cut into chaff—and, better still, steamed afterwards when mixed with sliced roots—constitutes a very acceptable food for cattle. The bruising of Oats, Barley, cake, &c., the making of Linseed into jelly, the steaming of hay and cooking of food, are illustrations, showing how, by any alteration in the form of a feeding material, its digestibility, and with it its nutritive value, becomes enhanced. The benefit of steaming or cooking of food is principally due to this circumstance. It does not add anything new to the food; it does not call into existence any fresh nutritious matter; but brings the nourishment present in the food in an unfit condition into a state in which it is more readily assimilated by the animal. Steaming, moreover, reduces the bulk of the food, and masticates, so to speak, the food for the animal. The animal, therefore, is enabled to consume in a given time a larger quantity of food, and so saved to some extent the work of mastication, which, like every movement of the muscle, is attended with a certain loss of the substance of the beast. The quieter and warmer we keep the animal, and the more we facilitate the assimilation of food, the more rapidly it will become fat. By steaming, likewise, the disagreeable smell of musty hay or cake is destroyed, and on the whole, steamed food becomes more palatable.

6. *On small Proportions of Substances with which we may not even be acquainted.*—Professor Liebig's researches on the juices of the flesh have made us acquainted with a remarkable crystallised substance, to which he has given the name of Kretine. This substance appears to exercise a remarkable function in the digestion of food. Liebig also showed the presence of phosphate of potash and lactic acid in the juice of flesh, and considers these constituents indispensable for the digestion of meat. He has indeed proved that flesh from which all juice is perfectly extracted by water is so indigestible that even dogs will refuse to eat it. The total amount of the compounds which appear to play so important a function in the digestion of meat is but very small. Now if the digestibility of flesh is determined in a great measure by small quantities of substances, the importance of which remained unnoticed until the master researches of a Liebig on the juices of flesh made us acquainted with the influence the above-mentioned substances play in the process of digestion—is it not likely that vegetable food may contain small quantities of compounds which exercise a similar influence? In conclusion it may be observed, that the economical value of food is further influenced—

1. *By prejudicial substances which food may contain.*—Thus, for instance, Mustard-cake cannot be used as a feeding material, notwithstanding its containing a large amount of flesh-forming and fat producing substances, because in the stomach of the animal fed upon it, it gives rise to the production of the poisonous irritating essential oil of Mustard; or, the refuse cake, produced in the manufacture of castor oil, cannot be used for feeding purposes on account of the drastic effects which the oil, still remaining in the cake, will produce in the animal system.

2. *By the mechanical effect the food exercises.*—An illustration in point is offered in bran, which, on account of its sharp edges, stimulates the nerves of the digestive canals to such an extent that much of it passes through the system undigested. Otherwise bran ought to be very nutritious, for it contains even more flesh-forming matters, as well as more fatty matter, than wheaten flour. Could not these relaxing effects of bran which, I believe, are principally due to its mechanical condition, be overcome by the cooking or steaming of the bran?

3. *By the physical condition of the food.*—It is so self-evident that mouldy, fusty food cannot be so good as it is in a fresh state, that I need not dwell on this point. Every one knows that the fresher cake and food in general—(there are some exceptions, as for instance, Mangels, which become better on keeping)—the better it is adapted for feeding purposes.

4. *By the flavor which it imparts to the meat or the milk.*—The economical value of an article of food is also regulated by the flavor which it imparts either to the meat or the milk. An article of food may be excellent for producing flesh or milk, and yet, on account of the disagreeable flavor which it imparts to either the one or the other, it may not be desirable to employ it as a feeding material. The case of Fenugreek seed, fully proves this. These remarks, and others which will suggest themselves to practical men, show that the chemical composition of food alone cannot determine its economic value, but that a variety of circumstances have to be taken into account before we can arrive at anything like a correct view of the nutritive value of a feeding material.

IN OFFERING PRIZES FOR ANIMALS AT AGRICULTURAL MEETINGS, distinction should be made between those smothered in fat, by which the framework is totally concealed, and those whose proportions are visible, though well covered with wholesome meat. If farmers are to benefit by periodical gatherings and exhibitions of stock, attention must be paid to certain rules by which information can be obtained as to the expense of feeding, when it will be proved that disgusting looking pigs, which cannot stand, but require propping up to eat, are not worth their "keep," that is, will not remunerate the agriculturist who has to live upon his land, and from the produce. It may be an amusement—there is no accounting for taste—to watch an unfortunate quadruped daily increase in size, till he becomes unable to stand without the assistance of his attendant, who is obliged to cram him by hand. This may almost be said to be cruelty to animals for no good purpose. If individuals choose to favor the tallow chandler and soap boiler, in preference to the farmer, they have a right to do so, having it is presumed money to throw away; nevertheless they should not be allowed to carry off the prizes for the best animals, or at any rate they should come under a separate class—for instance lard and dripping feeders in contradistinction to those who show for the meat market. Animals are required with the power of producing weight in a short time, on the ordinary food supplied by the farm, and when in fine healthy condition affording a fair return for expenses incurred. A man may be highly delighted with a pig whose head can scarcely be distinguished from his tail, looking more like an oblong feather-bed than anything else, and fancying that he will be able to "turn a penny" by such a breed, he ventures, in a moment of enthusiasm, to purchase one of the beauties. Having taken the bargain home, the usual mixture given to growing stores is set before her, however the new comer turns up her nose at the food, and instead of improving in flesh falls off, continuing to do so till she is again pampered up with all kinds of strong and ruinous compounds, so that by the time she attains the age for breeding, she has cost four times the sum of a well made useful cross, profitable at all stages of growth, not very particular as to diet, which will thrive where a "show" pig will starve. The first thing to be considered in regard to stock is not who can, regardless of cost and trouble, bring before a wondering public a live mass of grease, which, after a gleam of astonishment has passed away, fills the mind with a sickening sensation and compassion for the sufferings of the brute.—*London Gardener's Chronicle.*

GREEN FLY ON PLANTS.—At this season, plants in a green-house or warm rooms are much affected with the green fly; many remedies are in use, but the simplest and best is smoking with tobacco. Young men might often put in the time during a call upon young ladies by smoking for the benefit of the house plants, and at the same time give the young lady an exemplification of the state of things when married to an inveterate smoker.

In green-houses, a pan of live coals is placed upon the floor, fine tobacco is strewn over the coals, the house then closed tightly, and left one to three hours, according as the fly is more or less abundant. After being thus smoked, it should be thoroughly syringed with warm water. A dull, cloudy day should always be selected for this purpose.

The Heliotrope is one of the plants injured by tobacco smoke, and when the house is so fumigated, all Heliotropes should be taken out.

House plants can be smoked separately by placing sticks crosswise, midway of an old barrel, thus forming a kind of grate or shelf to set them on; place the barrel over the coals and cover with a barrel cover or thick woolen blanket. After smoking, dip them freely in a tub of warm water.—*Ohio Farmer.*

MUTTON VERSUS PORK.—An exchange says:—"Mutton can be produced pound for pound, at less than half the price of pork; yields more nourishment when eaten, and keeping sheep does not exhaust a farm to the extent feeding hogs does. Sheep can be kept through the winter on hay and turnips, or mangel wurzel, or sugar beet, while hogs will not do without at least some corn, and are comparatively much more expensive.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 15, 4, 9, was the sister and wife of Jupiter.
My 2, 10, 14, 15, 6, 2, was a river of Hell whose waters were inebriated.
My 3, 8, 11, was the goddess of revenge.
My 4, 9, 10, 6, 14, was the wife of Mars.
My 5, 3, 7, 16, 4, 15, was the goddess of idle persons.
My 6, 9, was the daughter of Inachus transformed by Jupiter into a white heifer; but afterwards resuming her former shape, was worshipped as a goddess by the Egyptians, under the name of Isis.
My 7, 8, 10, 7, 14, was a famous enchantress.
My 8, 10, 6, 8, 9, 4, was Neptune's trumpeter.
My 9, 10, 8, 12, 4, was a great and mighty hunter.
My 10, 15, 4, 7, 6, 4, 15, was the goddess of weeding.
My 11, 12, 8, 3, was the goddess of silence.
My 12, 7, 7, 3, 8, 12, 13, was the god of harrowing.
My 13, 16, 11, 6, 4, 3, was the goddess of new-born infants.
My 14, 13, 15, 8, 9, was the muse of love and poetry.
My 15, 7, 11, 12, 4, was a famous king of the Titans.
My 16, 12, 3, 4, 6, 15, was the muse of astronomy.
My whole was a distinguished Frenchman.

CINROS.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Letters a dozen make up my name,
A river not unknown to fame,
On the map of Europe to be seen,
Flowing between flowery banks of green.
My 1st, 9th, 12th and 6th, will make
A name any young maid will take.
My 3rd and 1st, and 8th, and last but one,
Brings to mind many an aching bone.
My 2nd, 12th, 5th and 6th, all told,
Are mountains rich with ore of gold.
My 4th, 8th, 3rd and 6th, express,
And mean twice one no more or less.
My 5th and 10th, and 3rd, will spell
An Indian city's name full well.
My 6th, 9th, 3rd and 12th, conspire
To spell a name that none admire.
My 7th, 8th, 5th, 9th and 6th, together,
Is a wild bird of Quaker feather.
My 8th, 6th, 10th and 3rd, an isle whose flying ob
and bride,
Were swallowed by the dark and stormy tide.
My 9th, 4th and 3rd, two mountains of Crete as
Troy—
The first the home of Jupiter, a boy.
My 10th, 5th, 6th and 11th, is a plain around,
Enclosed with hills and rising ground.
My 10th, 11th, 9th and 6th, guess it quick,
They say it was invented by Old Nick.
My last and first, with my 3rd interposed,
Is out of what your fingers hold is composed.

Columbus, Ga. WYNNTON.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 1, 12, 13, 14, 9, is a lady's name.
My 14, 15, 12, 16, 7, is a useful animal.
My 2, 11, 2, 4, signifies to be empty.
My 6, 2, 8, 3, 14, 3, 9, 18, is the name of one of Apostles.
My 10, 15, 5, 17, 16, is the name of one of the Prophets.
My 18, 14, 9, 4, is a very common fish.
My 10, 17, 6, 12, 7, signifies to measure.
My 13, 11, 12, 8, 12, 9, 3, 6, 16, are much prized by so persons.
My whole is a celebrated Greek poem.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first*, well cooked, is nice,
I've eaten it with satisfaction;
My *next*, I'll tell in a trice,
Is a verb but not of action.

My *third* is a person of state,
On the other side of the water;
A preposition you can make
Of my *fourth*, and "nothing shorter!"

My *fifth*'s a place once trod
By a patriarch, good and wise;
My *sixth*, through grace of God,
Now dwells beyond the skies.

My *whole* is one of the heroes brave,
Of the immortal bard;
Whose only trait was in the grave—
Whose life was by sorrow marr'd.

GARMEN

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY "HARP."

My first is an article of dress,
As you will plainly see;
My second is a kind of fish
That inhabits the deep, deep sea.

My third a species of the human race,
(I'm sure you will not doubt it.)
My fourth a part of the human frame,
Very few would be without it.

My whole is a city in the south-west,
That's known to you all very well.
Now look about and find it out,
For that's all that I can tell.

Warren, Vt.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is what a woman hates,
And to do it all deplore;
My second you will find on weights,
And my whole we all adore.

Cleveland, O. S

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first means every one.
My second is an aromatic plant.
My whole is a culinary condiment.

Franklin. ARTEMAS MARTI

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman going to New York, and wishing to enough to defray his expenses, proposed buying New currency enough, which, when sold at par, the profit arising therefrom would be sufficient to satisfy the am of his expenses. What would his expenses, suppo him to have received for his currency $10,261 60-100 he to have received a premium of 4 3-5 per cent. on Also what was the discount on New York paper he purchased?

Missouri. QUINTILLIO

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
ON COUNTRIES, &c.

1. A virgin. 5. O gas!
2. A chin. 6. A man.
3. O go hat. 8. Cot a sara.
New York NH

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is an infant like a diamond? Ans.—Because it is a *dear little thing*.

☞ What key is the hardest to turn? Ans. donkey.

☞ When is charity like a top? Ans.—When gins to *hum*.

☞ GRAND MUSICAL CONUNDRUM.—Why are v lets twice as prudent as any other men? Because have *four* strings to their bow.—*Punch*.

☞ What two letters in the alphabet are the most greeable to ladies? Ans.—DK (decay.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Falmouth Se Pendleton County, Kentucky. POETICAL ENIG. Margaret St. Leon Loud. ACROSTICAL ENIGMA rimony. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The Su rine Telegraph. CHARADE.—Hay-scale. REB Lomond—(Don, Name, Oden, Manar, Oojein, La RIDDLE.—Health. ARITHMETICAL PROBLE $1,275. B $1,281.25. C $228.75. PROBLEM. length of piece broken off was 27 feet, and the lea piece left standing was 24 feet. ANAGRAMS.—1. tates. 2. Presbyterians. 3. Funeral. 4. Dem 5. Revolution. 6. Lawyers. 7. Enigmatics' tience.